



SONGS
OF
EARLY
SPRING

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SONGS OF EARLY SPRING.

SONGS

OF

EARLY SPRING.

BY

ROWLAND BROWN.

LONDON:

W. KENT & CO., 86, FLEET STREET.

1858.

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TO

HERBERT INGRAM, ESQ., M. P.

AS A SMALL TOKEN, IN ADMIRATON OF HIS GENIUS,

AND RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER,

These Songs of Early Spring

ARE INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.

A 2

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PREFACE.

Although a preface of several pages may appear an unnecessary formality in a volume of simple verse such as the present, yet I have considered that some explanation of the title given to it, is due to the reader, if not to myself, to prevent a chance of ambiguity, or misconception of its contents. I hesitated some time before adopting the title of "Songs :" but conscious that such a name was one of less pretension than any other which could have been selected, it was admitted on the title-page. I did not, however, consider this sufficiently explicit, therefore the appellation of "Early Spring" was subsequently added, for a reason which I am conscious will be obvious, after a perusal of its pages.

I would have them considered in no imaginary light. They are simply the emanations of the sweet Spring-time of Life. Engaged in pursuits, which of necessity

I must consider the primary secular objects of my existence, the daily duties of my avocation have monopolized the greatest portion of my time ; leaving me little leisure for those acquirements, which would have given a polish, which many may consider wanting, in these early compositions.

If such moments, however, have been few, they have been, doubtless, doubly sweet on that account ; constituting the principal luxuries of which I have sparingly partaken, and still sometimes enjoy, in the completion of a pleasant engagement, binding me for a few months longer to a Friend, to whose generous and disinterested kindness, and frequent encouragement, I am indebted for the gratification of so soon seeing my juvenile productions, rescued from an ephemeral existence in the corners of newspapers and other publications, assume their present form.

When first I began to collect the fragments of which this volume is composed, I had not, even in my most ambitious reveries, conceived the presumptuous idea of the publication of a book ; and it was not until a liberal proposition concerning its publication had been made, that I entertained the venture for a moment. Still, I would not have it supposed that I wrote merely for selfish, or personal gratification, or indulged in the pleasure of verse, for the mere purpose of beguiling a leisure hour ; I have indeed been influenced by higher

aspirations, and often when dropping into the “letter-box” a few verses, written for some favorite publication, have experienced sensations difficult to define : at such times extracting encouragement from the declaration of the Poet of Ion :—

“ The weakest reed that trembles in the marsh,
If Heaven select it for its instrument,
May shed celestial music on the breeze ; ”

and when almost intimidated by a knowledge of how many and brilliant were the luminaries whose mighty thoughts were already garnered in the glorious repertory of Poesy ; I have derived sweet consolation from the delightful words of the Bard of Erin :—“ it is only once in many ages a genius appears, whose words like those on the written mountain, last for ever : but still there are some, as delightful perhaps, though not so wonderful, who, if not stars over our head, are at least flowers along our path, and whose sweetness of the moment we ought gratefully to inhale, without calling upon them for a brightness and durability beyond their nature.”

And now, not wishing to exhaust the patience of my readers, I will leave to them without further prelude, the imperfections of the following pages. Probably my future poetical existence will be determined by their verdict, yet, I cannot conclude without expressing a desire some day to meet them under happier auspices,

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DUNSTER, PRINTER, LYME.

P O E M S .

A S P I R A T I O N S .

I WOULD scatter on Earth as I pass along
A few simple flowers of favorite song ;
A few thoughts of Love that will fragrance impart
And wake Love's sweet music in many a heart ;
In the Battle of Life I would have my voice heard,
I would breathe for the wretched some hope-giving
word.

I would comfort the Poor in their conflicts of care,
And chase from their hearths the dull shades of
despair :

For the Rich I would pour out such songs of delight
That their hearts hating wrong, should be bold for the
Right,

I would call on the titled those honors to claim,
Which belong to the noble not only in name,
I would palsy the arm of the guilty with fear,

And the soul of the innocent sufferer cheer ;
I would fill with delight the heart sad and distressed,
And the weary console with a sweet song of rest,
I would wake with a Pæan of loudest acclaim,
The hearts that are stricken by terror or shame ;
And rouse with loud anthems the soul of the slave,
And make the faint-hearted grow bold, strong, and
brave.

I would raise up the grovelling Mind from the dust,
To reverence that which is holy and just,
To scorn all of earth that the soul would debase,
And shrink as from Death from the stains of disgrace ;
O'er the waters of strife I would bear like the Dove,
The Olive branch home to hearts yearning for love,
I would trumpet the triumphs achieved by the Mind ;
I would open the eyes and the hearts of the blind,
That all might behold the proud banner unfurled
Of Beauty, which waves o'er this wonderful world,
And would lift up men's hearts in thanksgiving to God
Who planteth sweet flowers on earth's tear-watered sod.

I seek not the favors of Power or of Fame,
Enough if kind hearts breathe one prayer o'er my name,
Enough if one bosom I sooth in its pain,
If one blessing alone from the bless'd I obtain,
For oh ! for one kind thought it is worth our while
To brave a harsh Critic, or Worldling's cold smile.

TO MARY.

THOU dear One ! for thy sweet Love-smiles, these
early flowers I bring,
And oh ! to give thee joy I yearn some glorious Song
to sing—
A Hymn that should go up to Heaven and move God's
Angels there,
To hover round thy Home, and guard thy heart with
tenderest eare,
Yes Darling ! I for thee would strike the Poet's thrilling
lyre,
That Cherubim might hear this prayer—my soul's
intense desire—

That Health may e'er its Beauty lend, to thee we love so
well,
That thou may'st feel through life as now, Affection's
potent spell,

That no rude blasts of fortune e'er may sear thy
flowers of Joy,
Nor blight of sin, nor poisonous care, thy blissful
smiles destroy,
But that thy truly loving friends may with thy days
increase,
“And all thy ways be pleasantness, and all thy paths be
Peace !”

THE ANGEL OF LIGHT.

SHE comes like an Angel of Light!
Joy beams from her beautiful brow,
And her step as she glides in delight,
Falls softly as bloom from the bough!
Triumphant o'er Death and Decay,
She springs like a flower from the tomb,
And gilds with the brightness of day
What has long been a valley of gloom!

She speaks to the spirits of men ;
“ I am come earth's delights to restore.”
Her voice wakes the desolate glen

And it echoes with music once more !
Munificent heiress of wealth !
She scatters the jewels and gold,
That Winter with miserly hand
Laid low in a sepulchre cold !

From trees joyous melodies fall,
As winds over violets sigh,
And birds at her voice of recall,
Pour forth their sweet notes from on high !
Oh ! yes like an Angel of Light,
Spring showers her joys from above,
And wakes with a voice of delight,
Sweet hopes of the Summer we love !

THE MISSEL-THRUSH.

THE Missel-thrush sings from the mistletoe bough,
Its melodies, clear and loud ;
It shouts to the desolate earth its songs,
To the winds and the drifting cloud :

“ Ye may frown, ye may frown,
And the storm may come down,
But the Spring will be here by and by ! ”

The snowdrop wakes up from its slumbers deep,
As it heareth its musical strain,
And raises its head from its cold, cold bed,
And whispers—“We come again !

For though the winds blow,
And fast falls the snow,
The Spring will be here by and by ! ”

Another too heareth its echoing voice,
And that is the frozen stream,
Which joyously leaps on its way again
As it wakes from its wintry dream :

“ Oh ! oh ! sings this thrush,
As the waters rush,
The Spring will be here by and by ! ”

It lulls with a song the tempest high,
Which buffets the leafless tree,
And the rage of the wild wind passes away,
Till it dimples with kisses the Sea :

“ Oh ! oh ! sings this bird,
Now my songs have been heard,
In peace I can live, love, and die ! ”

THE SONG OF THE WINDS.

ONWARDS ! Onwards ! Night and Day,
Through the World we wend our way,
Journeying with ceaseless haste,
O'er the hills and watery waste ;
Not a single blade of grass
But has felt our footsteps pass,
And the waves of Ocean leap,
Starting at our shouts from sleep !
Like Man's Spirit, so are we,
Viewless, wondrous, powerful, free !

Dost thou ask us where we go
Rushing on through sleet or snow ?
Question thou the pathless deep,
Or the mountain's mighty steep,
Or the cavern's rocky cell,
Ferny grot, or flower-strewn dell,

Or the fountain's bright cascades,
Or the forest's clostral shades,
Or the clouds of far-off skies,
These will be their stern replies—
“Though we feel them breathe and blow,
Though we hear them loud and low,
Yet in vain we sigh to know
Whence they come or where they go !”

Morning bright and twilight dim,
Chaunt we an Æolian hymn ;
Through the corridors of Night
Passing like a Phantom's flight ;
Bearing 'neath the Moon's pale beams
To the weary, heavenly dreams ;
Or impelling o'er the foam
Hearts that yearn for Love and Home :
Breathing in the Ocean shells
Music's sweet and potent spells.
God alone restrains our speed
Fleeter than the Arab's steed,
For at morn in Eastern Isles
We behold Aurora's smiles,
But at eve our pinions rest
On the mountains of the West !

In the morning of the year
Ye our clarion voices hear,

Like a warder stand we then,
On the hill-tops o'er the glen ;
And awake the slumbering streams,
With the snowdrops from their dreams,
Yes, invisibly we bring
Back the children of the Spring,
When the emerald meadows ring !
With a shout heart-gladdening !

Summer then with queenly tread,
Smiles upon the violet bed,
And we kiss the roses fair,
Clustering in her braided hair,
Yes, we cool her brow with air
Wafted from the spice parterre,
Gliding through her jasmine grove,
Where we hear sweet tales of Love,
And where birds pour forth their lays
Of incessant joy and praise,
Whilst the dreaming Poet sings
Melodies of holier things !

But from Summer still we rove
Into Autumn's withered grove,
And aweary of the flowers,
There reveal our matchless powers ;
Oh ! the crimson, falling leaf,
Would reproach us with its grief,

But upon the World forlorn
Laugh we with exultant scorn.

Then in Winter cold and chill,
Glide we o'er the purple hill,
Striking dumb the prattling rill.
And the torrents hear our voices,
And the wailing Sea rejoices,
Go ! if thou art faithless—see
Trophies of our victory
Scattered o'er the wreck-strewn coasts,
Where we passed like rushing hosts ;
And the cries of wild despair,
Falling on thy startled ear,
Signal proofs shall be to thee,
That we roam unchained and free,
And that none on earth can know,
Whence we come, or where we go !

APRIL RAIN.

THE bright, the beautiful April rain
Comes from the bursting cloud again ;
Each drop seems a pearl from bracelets bright
That clasp the arms of the Spirits of light,
 The angels of Love,
 Who dwell above,
And breathe on the world the spring-breath of delight.

Oh ! it comes, it comes, in eloquent showers,
Till earth, like a bride, puts on her flowers,
Till a garland as bright to the valley is given
As the coronet grand on the brow of Heaven.

 Hark ! hark ! how it drips,
 As if fairy lips
Joy kisses were pressing upon the green leaves.

Oh ! it comes, it comes, the beautiful rain,
To the winds and the flowers, who are friends again,

Which seem like young lovers, when quarrels are o'er,
To love even fonder than ever before—

Kissing proudly away
The last tears that lay,

Which dimm'd their sweet looks of unspeakable joy.

Oh ! it comes and it melts like its sister the snow,
Into daises and snowdrops, to cheer us below.

Then, who can help loving the beautiful rain ?

For it teaches us nothing leaves Heaven in vain,

And loves to reveal,

What happy hearts feel,

All that's bright, blessed, and beautiful, comes from
above.

TO THE CUCKOO.

BIRD of the sunny Spring,
Oh ! thou art heralding
Moments that soon will bring
Roses loved well.

Violets and cowslips blow,
Blue-bells and fern leaves grow,
Where a short while ago,
Icicles fell.

Ah ! well thou know'st again,
Past is cold Winter's reign,
Flowrets in Nature's train,
Rise from decay.

Up from the sunny dells,
Gladly thy music swells,
Welcome as chiming bells,
On God's blessed day.

Glad are thy tidings, bird,
Joyous thy strain is heard,
Sweet as a kindly word,
Breathed to the sad ;
For when thy voice we hear,
Summer we know is near,
Earth's brightest forms appear,
All things are glad !

OII ! TO BE YOUNG.

On ! to be young when the violets and daisies
Rise in the meadows with looks fresh and fair,
When anemones white look up with sweet faces,
Towards the green branches which wave in the air,
When woods are made glad with a jubilant chorus,
And joyously murmurs the unfettered rill,
And the Iris of Spring is expanded high o'er us,
And Beauty sits laughing on mountain and hill !

Oh ! sweet are those days when the Spring flowers
cheer us,
To feel those emotions of Freedom which rise,
When all whom we love on the earth are still near us
Enlightening our paths with their joy-beaming eyes,
‘ Tis sweet to feel breaking the buds of ambition,
Resolving to do some magnanimous deed,
To stand undismayed by the world’s competition,
Determined to enter Life’s lists, and SUCCEED !

Oh ! sweet are our hopes ere the World has corrupted,
The first warm affections that bloom in the Soul,

Ere fashion has Nature's fresh streams interrupted,
Or prejudice risen bright thoughts to control ;
When religion is Love—ere the faintest suspicion
Of guile or hypocrisy crosses the mind,
When beaming with hopes of a glorious mission
The eyes are to Life's stern realities blind !

And far more than this, oh ! how sweet is the feeling
When LOVE leads the soul to her spiritual heights,
And opens her mines of rich blessings, revealing
Her treasures exhaustless, undreamt of delights !
Then oh ! though my brow old Time's icy hand paileth,
Though Life must soon pass "like a tale that is told"
Though strength must depart, and though memory
faileth,
Oh ! God keep my spirit from e'er growing old !

BLUE AND WHITE VIOLETS.

THROW up the window,—let me feel the breeze,—
For now I hear it with its viewless fingers
Harping upon the branches of the trees,—
And o'er my soul its mystic music lingers.

It sings of violets,—oh! the stirring lyric,
Brings back the thought of Childhood's hours
again,
When this world seemed an orchestra, whose Music
Could not be broken by one jarring strain.

For by blue eyes as blue as violets lowly,
I first discovered Earth's most regal joy !
But by a brow as pale as violets snowy,
Death sternly taught how he can Hope destroy !

POETRY.

THE Man who wears a frown upon his brow,
Cherishing hatred, envy, and revenge,
Perceives no beauty in the artless child
Whose brow is stainless as the driven snow
Upon the mountain ; nor the dew-bent flower,
Though lovely as the pale Spring violet ;
He goeth forth and crushes in the dust,
The fragrant flowerets, Purity and Love,
Without a thought of Him whose kindly hand

Implants them in the breast !
But Poesy invests the flowers with Good,
And Love and Innocence with Godliness,
It is the choicest music of the soul,
Set to the spirit's most impressive words,
The eloquent language welling from the heart,
When holding sweet communion with its God.

THE SWALLOW.

THOU'RT come again, oh ! bonnie bird ! with joy we
welcome thee,
Who, borne on hope's exultant wings, hast crossed the
billowy sea ;
But wherefore didst thou come to us from brighter
lands than ours ?
Say, was it love that made thee fly back to thy native
bowers ?

Thou comest from a sunny clime, where the soft
zephyr's sigh,
Wafts the sweet scent of orange flowers beneath a
cloudless sky ;
Where, like a brilliant shower of pearls, down many a
grotto's side,
With music sweet as sweetest song, the crystal waters
glide.

Who taught thee that those skies would change—the
breezes chilling blow,
The waters that in sunshine gleamed would frozen cease
to flow ?
Could not those scenes of joyous life prevail on thee
to stay ?
Who taught thee that though beautiful, the flowers
would soon decay ?

Sweet bird thou heard'st the voice of Him who all our
lives sustain,
'Twas God who bade thee rest not there, but come to us
again :
And underneath the frowning skies, above the bubbling
wave,
With strength He nerved thy fluttering wings, He made
thee bold and brave.

And now, thy voyage is safely past, blest emblem of
His care,
Thou teachest us of transient scenes and changes to
beware ;
Upheld by Truth on Life's dark sea, to brave the
battling blast,
If we would hope in Heaven to find a resting place
at last.

Then welcome home, oh ! bonnie bird ! with joy I
welcome thee,
Thy journey o'er the pathless deep sweet hope has given
to me :
The world from which I fly, though bright, I feel is
fading too,
So teach me, God, to hear Thy voice, and like this bird
be true !

MY NATIVE HILLS.

UPON these grand, majestic hills,
I dearly love to stand ;
To see the billows of the deep,
Roll proudly to the land ;
For as I stand upon their peaks,
Above the ocean vast,
Like fleets upon the mighty deep,
Across my mind proud pageants sweep,
Great visions of the Past !

I dream I see the straining eyes
Of that assembled host,
Who witnessed here the Armada's sails
Bear down upon our coast.
And when I think what anxious prayers,
Were offered from these hills ;
Or of that glad, triumphant shout,
From those who here beheld the rout,
My blood within me thrills !

And then I think what bonfires blazed
Along each purple height,
When England's little fleet returned,
From that unequal fight !—
And oh ! whenever Britain doubts,
This story, men should tell ;
To show how GOD can interpose,
To rescue from the mightiest foes,
The land we love so well.

The thought too that brave RALEIGH climbed,
Each proud majestic steep,
Makes o'er my young ambitious soul
A glad sensation creep ;
For words his royal mistress breathed,
Ring like a hero's call—
“ Man, nerve thy heart with thoughts sublime,
But yet essay thou not to climb
If thou'rt afraid to fall ! ”

And from these hills with pride I gaze,
Upon my native town,
And think how once its fostered sons
Acquired a world's renown :
How they obtained a martyr's crown
In CROMWELL's glorious age,

Preferring Death to Slavery,—
Their names, as stars of Liberty
 Illume historic page !

For there bold **BLAKE**, the seaman's pride,
 Beheld the foe retreat ;
And as I linger o'er that thought,
 My pulses wildly beat :
I think too of its **HEROINES** brave,
 Whom hunger could not tame,
Who undismayed amidst War's wrecks,
 Forgot the weakness of their sex,
Forgot the weakness of their sex,
 Nor flinched at steel nor flame !

Oh ! God be praised, for England's sake,
 Times are not now as then,
For Britain's present darling Queen,
 Makes royalists of men.
For oh ! had then her sceptre shone,
 No Patriot had complained,
A **HAMPDEN**'s voice had never risen,
A **CROMWELL**'s arm had never striven;
 Had our **VICTORIA** reigned !

But with a tear, from these old hills
 The spot I single out,

Where MONMOUTH's hapless followers stood
And gave the fatal shout—
But yet that spot is hallowed ground,
For there DE FOE hath trod,
And there for England's chartered laws,
Twelve Martyrs in fair Freedom's cause,
Gave up their souls to God !

And should a tyrant e'er oppress,
Methinks around these hills
Would yet spring up a gallant band,
With iron nerves and wills !
Yes, there are still heroic hearts
Who when the foe-man comes,
Aye, fearless of an adverse fate,
Will nobly keep inviolate,
Their Altars and their Homes !

And gazing on that spot so dear,
I think of mightier men !
Of PITT, who roamed these hills, long era
He held the Patriot's pen !
And thanks to HOGARTH's art divine,
In fancy I can trace—
That smile of speechless eloquence,
Of pity and benevolence
Which beamed on CORAM's face !

For oh ! this was that brave man's home ;
And whilst I bless his name,
I think too of a kindred soul
Whose deeds shall live in Fame :
Of noble BLACKMORE who has gained
Far nobler wealth than gold !
For many a sin-crushed Magdalene,
By his persuasive love has been
Brought back to Virtue's fold.

Then wonder not that on these hills
I dearly love to stand,
For when I breathe those hallowed names,
I feel my soul expand.
My heart burns with intense desire,
On earth to bless Mankind,
That when God shall my soul receive,
My life shall like a meteor leave
A trail of light behind !

TO THE SKY-LARK.

BEAUTIFUL minstrel, soaring in the clouds,
Pour forth again the witchery of song !
For whilst I hear thee, heavenward bounds my soul,
And bathed in streams of melody, I feel
Steal over me the spells of poesy.
Go up, oh ! singing bird—thy path of light
Is such my Thoughts should be, from Earth's dark
scenes
Borne up on wings of Love, to higher spheres !

Oh ! from thy voice sweet bird
I learn a lesson beautifully given,
Though thou art bounding to the realms of light—
Whilst poised above the world terrestrial,
The glorious amphitheatre of hills,
The mighty waters of the pathless deep,—
Still with a look of love thine eyes behold
A bright oasis in the wilderness,

A cherished spot, a treasure to thy heart,
Hallowed with all thy tenderest sympathies,
Where like sweet flowers thy first affections sprung.
Oh ! bird, would that my thoughts were pure as thine,
Filled only with the love of Heaven and Home !
Unsullied by the passions dark and wild,
Which like tornadoes sweep my sinful soul.

Still soar thou sweet invisible !
Oh ! how I love to hear thy echoing voice,
And as mine eyes behold the crimson clouds,
Which now conceal thee, as I heavenward gaze,
I dream the gates of Paradise enclose
Thy fragile form, and that thy notes of joy
Fall through the sunlit groves of worlds of bliss !
Rise, joyous bird, my soul would follow thee—
Thou who art striving, like a Poet's soul
To give sweet utterance to his burning hopes,
Till like the streamlets, bursting from the hills,
The world receives the fragrance of his thoughts !

Go up, then bird ! till at the gates of Heaven
Thou catch the echo of the music there,
“ Harpings of many harps,” as sweet and low,
As wavelets of a Summer moonlit sea,
Uttering sweet murmurs on a strand of pearls.
But oh ! thou sweet Invisible, thy voice

Awakens in my soul, a reverie sweet
Of a bright spirit who at morn like thee,
Sprung up with joy upon exultant wings ;
Who 'midst the harpings of celestial worlds,
Burst from the weak, frail casket of the soul.

Oh ! life in her was like a crystal spring,
Fresh, beautiful, in virgin purity !
Smiles were her gay companions—Joy and Love
The glorious Angels that beset her path !
But like thee Bird, that spirit soared to Heaven,
And oft, I dream her bright, blue, lovely eyes
Gaze fondly down upon this tear dew'd earth,
And single out one spot : a quiet nook
Cradled amongst the hills, her earthly home.
And when the western zephyrs fan the leaves,
Whose gentle rustlings fall upon mine ears,
I dream that forms of Angels slowly pass,
Mysteriously, invisibly to man,
Through the deep shadows of the solemn woods :
And like thee bird, concealed in aerial mounts,
Yet thy sweet notes wake bliss within my heart !
So do I dream I hear her well known voice :
It wakes the solemn stillness of my soul,
With the sweet stories of a resting world ;
I hear it now—hush !—hear the holy voice—
It speaks of fountains of translucent springs,
Whose crystal waters purify the soul,

And wash the stains that mar Humanity;
Reviving God's blest image in our forms
As in the grand primeval days of earth :
Of glory death can ne'er annihilate,
Of Love that dies not on a couch of tears,
Of roses thornless, fadeless, beautiful,
And of sweet music floating in bright spheres
Eloquent, thrilling as pure poetry !
It speaks of mountains glory-wreathed, whereon
The King of Heaven is throned, amidst those stars
Which sink beneath the horizon of the world,
And shine for ever in the spheres of God !

Still speak blest voice ! speak ever to my soul
When Earth displays her fascinating wiles,
And dark temptations hover round my path !
Whisper thy truths of holiness and love ;
And drown the guilty passions that arise
With thy sweet streams of melody, which lift
My spirit from its tenement of clay.

FLOWERS.

I.

THIS world though called a wilderness, oh ! yes 'tis full
of flowers,

There are a thousand things to love in Nature's glorious
bowers ;

On mountain and on hill-side, in valley and in glen,
A thousand lovely things spring up to cheer the hearts
of men.

To find these floral treasures, no, I have not far to
roam,

They blossom countless as the stars around my happy
home,

Beneath the smile of mighty kings, in proud patrician
halls ;

Or near the cotter's lowly hearth, they smile on
mouldering walls.

And if we read aright the lines traced on their petals
 gay,
We never more shall cast a flower with carelessness
 away;
But praises from our lips will rise like incense up to
 GOD,
For having planted such sweet things on earth's tear-
 watered sod.

And oh! so beautiful are they for such a world as ours,
That all we love on earth the best, our hearts have
 named its flowers;
Love, Peace, and Purity,—which pour their sweetness
 on the gale,
Like the blessed Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the
 Vale.

Yea, He who sends from Paradise the sunshine and
 the showers,
Would have you love the Beautiful, and cultivate the
 flowers:
Go, let them round your hearts and homes, in sweet
 profusion grow,
For from their fragrant chalices the richest nectars
 flow.

Oh ! love them as companions, thou wilt not lonely be,
They'll whisper with their fragrant lips, the sweetest
thoughts to thee ;
They'll steal thy senses from the earth, thy thoughts
from themes of pain,
And thou wilt feel with grateful heart, they bloom not
here in vain.

FLOWERS.

II.

I THANK thee darling Sister, for having brought me
flowers,
To smile as sweet companions in my solitary hours ;
When my lamp is flickering feebly, and night is hush'd
and still,
They lead my thoughts awhile astray to the valley and
the hill.

I think of that glad, careless time my sunny childhood's
days,
When we together plucked the flowers that blossomed
in our ways,

When primroses and violets, fern leaves, and snowdrops
white,

Inspired our hearts with love and joy, and innocent
delight.

But now the sunny hours of youth like dreams have
passed away,

I look around for flowers that will not fade as soon as
they ;

And I behold those blossoms sweet, so dear to thee and
me,

The sweet, wild, simple flow'rets of the fields of
Poesy.

Yes Sister, oft when angels glide around thee whilst
asleep,

Then roaming in my Fairy-land I joyous vigils keep,
And then of brilliant gems of thought I find a floral
throng,

Left here to breathe their perfumes forth by some dear
child of Song !

Thank Heaven for Flowers of every hue—I love, I love
them well,

From the grandest flower of Eastern Isles, to the bonnie,
wee, blue bell,

To them as to a Poet's thought, a mystic spell is
given,

They seem a link in that bright chain which draws us
nearer Heaven !

Then Mary, darling Sister, still fill my Vase for me,
I love amongst the nestling leaves, each fragrant bloom
to see,

Their perfumes steal my thoughts away from mourning
o'er past hours,

And I think how kind of GOD it was to bless the
Earth with flowers.

A VOICE IN THE SPRING.

O BRIGHTLY the sunbeams are shining !
I hear thee, my beautiful Spring—
The swallow comes over the mountains
And woodlands with melodies ring ;
The hawthorn assumes bridal costume ,
Apparelled as Brides e'er should be ,
Whilst the birds shower their sweet wedding favors ,
In musical songs from the tree :

With such brightness around and above me ,
How joyous existence would be ,
If I only had some one to love me ,
To make Life a Summer for me .

O Love , what is Summer without thee ?
The roses smile sweetly in vain ,
And we heed not the eloquent voices ,
That whisper in woodland and plain ;

This beautiful Earth seems less lovely,
We feel as from Paradise driven,
But touch'd with the joy of its magical wand,
We ascend to the portals of Heaven !

O yes, with this Angel above me,
How joyous existence would be,
O I only want some one to love me,
To make Life a Summer for me.

I have Sisters whose smiles of affection
Beam on me wherever I roam,
And Mother whose sweet word of welcome,
Endeareth Love's fairy-ring, Home ;
Yet often my spirit feels lonely,
And often has yearningly sigh'd,
For one who would love me as fondly
As Bridegroom his beautiful Bride.

O then with these bright skies above me !
How joyous existence would be,
O would I could find one to love me
To make Life a Summer for me !

FIRST LOVE.

LITTLE, merry-hearted Ella,
Ever very dear must be,
Memory of that blissful moment
When I first caught glimpse of thee.
Childish fancies, sweet, ethereal,
Clothed her with divinest grace ;
And the sun-rise of my being
Was the Love-smile on her face !

First I saw this little Sybil
Where the sounds of dancing feet,
Mingled with the hum of voices
And with music soft and sweet !
But ah ! little did I dream, that
When she lightly pass'd me by,
Her sweet Love-smile, to my Spirit's,
Yearning, was a blest reply !

O the thought of that first meeting,
It is Memory's pearl of pearls,
Now as then, I dream I see her,
With her lightly dancing curls ;
Which were then so smoothly parted,
Cross her brow with so much care,
That methought angelic fingers
Press'd them, leaving glory there !

O her eyes with mirth and mischief
Beam'd then with exultant light—
Sweet too were her dimpled roses,
Blossoms of the heart's delight !
But how little did I dream then
Of this little Sybil's power,
She who makes me date Life's morning,
From the sweetness of that hour.

Yet ah ! well do I remember
When I asked my God to give,
Something more, to make Earth dearer,
Something worth the toil to live !
Like an Angel in a vision
I beheld sweet Ella's form ;
Bright'ning like a radiant rainbow
O'er the dark frowns of a storm.

And a voice so softly whispered
That I thought it from above,
As of some bright Angel, speaking—
“ Go, teach Ella how to love ! ”
Little, merry-hearted darling,
She has learnt the lesson well
This her beaming eye betrayeth
Better far than lips can tell !

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Like the young Spring, changed to Summer,
Ella smiles, and happy flowers
At the sound of her heart-music
Bloom around Earth’s once sad bowers ?
God ! I thank Thee, for that moment
When I first saw Ella, mine,
For her omnipresent beauty
Turns Life’s Water into Wine !

THE FLOWER OF THE WEST.

O SWEET little Ella is dearer to me,
Than all the bright blossoms that smile on Life's tree,
Yea, so beautiful is she above all the rest,
That Love has baptized her, "the Flower of the West."

Her brow is as lovely as snowdrop of Spring,
And her step falls as lightly as bird on the wing ;
And blue as forget-me-nots Love-thoughts have blest,
Are the Joy-beaming eyes of "the Flower of the West."

We have beautiful roses in valley and dale,
Which scent with their sweetness the soft Summer gale,
But fairer than roses by dewdrops carest,
Is each maidenly blush of "the Flower of the West."

Hear her voice trilling lightly some exquisite song,
And you will forget that to Earth you belong ;
And dream you have stray'd to the realms of the Blest,
Such a soul-thrilling voice has "the Flower of the West."

There is not a mourner who loves not her voice,
For her words make the aged and weary rejoice;
Her smiles fall like sunbeams on all hearts distrest,
And every soul blesses "the Flower of the West."

O ! long may this blossom its fragrance impart,
And smilingly twine closer still round my heart !
For Spirits unseen, seem with joy to invest
With a glorious halo, "the Flower of the West."

O ! when Life is over and Death shall draw near,
May a bright band of Angels to Ella appear ;
And when in God's garden she blossoms, His guest,
May my Soul like the Dew on this sweet Rose-bud rest !

A LYRIC OF LOVE.

SPEAK not an unkind word,— in vain
Ye seek our souls to sever,
For hearts which once have loved,—love on
For ever and for ever !
And when the storms of life come down
Still closer cling together,
And O ! Love leads my spirit up,
To heights where Joy reposes,
And Earth beneath, once dark and drear,
Blooms like a bower of roses !

Then think ye for an idle word,
My lips could ever grieve her ?
The world may sneer, and friends may frown,
And with cold hearts receive her ;
But though I gained a world of wealth,
No ! I could not deceive her,—
For O ! Love leads my spirit up,
To heights where Joy reposes,
And now the Earth once dark and drear,
Blooms like a bower of roses !

I care not why, some heave a sigh,—
They know her not who doubt her,
Ah! what to me are envious words,
Or falsehoods breathed about her!
For well I know this World to me
Would nothing be without her!
For O! Love leads my spirit up,
To heights where Joy reposes,
And now the World once dark and drear,
Blooms like a bower of roses!

I BOAST NO RICHES, DARLING !

I BOAST no riches, darling ;
Broad lands or gilded hall,
No flattering, fawning menials,
Around me, mocking fall.
But yet I dare to love thee,
And joy that I am free,
To make myself more worthy
The love I ask of thee.

I do not seek thy hand, Love,
Until thy heart I win ;
What is the jewelled casket,
To the priceless pearl within ?
And with the proud Patrician
I nurse this vow in pride ;
No heart shall e'er feel humbled,
By being called my Bride !

But though I revel not, Love,
In wealth of Corn and Wine,

Yet from my heart springs up, Love,
Life's luxury divine.
And oh ! I yearn to feel now
The touch of Love's soft hand ;
As Israel in the desert
Yearned for the Promised Land.

And as the brimming River
Pours its life into the Sea,
So all my Soul's devotion,
Shall be poured out for thee !
I scorn with flattering language,
Or faithless tongue to woo,
But by my hands' exertions,
I'll prove my heart is true.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

LADY ! there are hours of pleasure,
When the heart is steep'd in bliss,
When the worldling's darling treasure,
Sinks as in a deep abyss.. .

When our spirits freely wander
In an ideal happy sphere,
And our minds refuse to ponder
On realities found here—

When reflections cease to weary,
And fond lips breathe honeyed words
Unpremeditated music,
Sweet as songs of summer birds.

But however sad this truth be,
Lady ! I in sooth must tell thee,
Fancies breathed by candle-light
In the witching hours of night,
Will not bear the morrow's light !

You may love those words, which gaily
Fall in Freedom's joyful hour,

Though their utterance, fatal may be
As the poison of a flower,
Yet remember, when the sunbeams
Mock the last night's banquet room,
Dreary, desolate and dark seems
All that wore a sunny bloom.
For what pleases by the taper,
Like the rose-tints of Romance,
Wears, alas ! an altered feature
‘ Neath Aurora’s eagle glance.
Then however sad the truth be,
Lady ! I, in sooth must tell thee,
Colours gay by candle-light,
Wither with the morning-light.

In the sweet voluptuous feeling,
Wakened by the spells of song,
When there is sweet music pealing,
There perchance may be no wrong,
But, believe me, on the morrow
When Reality awakes,
And the Future, threatening sorrow,
On th’ unblinded vision breaks—
Words, last night the lips would freely,
Eloquently answer,—then
Silently, unheard, unmurmured,
Flow back to the heart again.

Yes, however sad this truth be,
Lady ! I in sooth must tell thee,
Thoughts which dazzle with their light,
In the mystic hours of night,
Will not bear the morrow's light.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

My heart's guest-angel softly sighed
"Would that I were a spirit blest,
One of that glorious band, which glide
Around thee in the hours of rest,
That I might ever roam with thee
Life's dark, tempestuous, treacherous sea,
Might o'er thy couch in sickness bend,
And all thy wants with care attend.
Oh ! Heaven's first joy is surely this—
That Spirits from the land above,
May pour sweet thoughts, and dreams of bliss,
In hearts on Earth they fondly love ! "

THE SUMMER OF LOVE.

O no, Summer-time is not over !
The chill wintry breezes may sigh,
The buds on the myrtle-bough wither
And Swallows may far away fly !
Let the winds chaunt their prophecy solemn,
And flowers from the Summer groves flee,
For my Nightingale singeth as sweetly
In Winter, as Summer to me !

Earth's loveliest roses still blossom,
And make my heart's home, hallow'd ground ;
And the bird nestling close to my bosom,
Makes Summer reign all the year round.
Some mourn in the Autumn, and sorrow
O'er roses that fall from Life's tree,
But though clouds may hang over the morrow—
GOD, spare such a Winter to me !

HIS AND MINE.

LET her be his in the hours of pride, of pomp and
revelry ;
Let her be his in courtly crowds of young frivolity,
Amidst the blaze of the banquet lights, in the hours of
dance and song ;
I love her not for the admiring gaze of a gay and
thoughtless throng.

Let her be his when exultant scorn, shall beam from
her eyes of blue ;
Let her be his when her warm cheek glows with a
strange, unnatural hue ;
Let her be his when thoughtless words, from thought-
less lips may fall ;
Let her be his when Folly's lamps are alight in
Vanity Hall.

Let her be his, yea let him caress with pride her jewell'd hand ;
Let her be his when she proudly walks with what the world calls grand ;
Let her be his when the senseless crowd around her bend the knee ;
Let her be his, for 'midst such scenes, she awakes no love in me.

Let her be his for the transient hours such joys can charm the heart :
But, let her be mine when the dreams of night for the smiles of morn depart.
Let her be mine when her heart grows faint, and weary of hollow mirth,
When her spirit thirsts for a loftier scene, and nobler joys of earth.

Let her be mine when mocking hands no fading garlands wreath ;
Let her be mine, when the scattered throng no flattering incense breathe ;
Let her be mine when the thoughts of night are passed for the deeds of day ;
Let her be mine when the lips take heed of the tale the heart would say.

Let her be mine in that holy place, to set Love's signet
ring ;

Let her be mine in the blissful hour when the joy-bells
merrily ring ;

Let her be mine when the spirit feels it cannot happier
be

Than to rest in the home she has made in my heart,
and to live and to die with me.

Let her be mine in the silent hour, when the Angels
hover by ;

Let her be mine when none are near, to hear the
bosom's sigh ;

Let her be mine when the light of Heaven shall rest
on her placid brow ;

Let her be mine when God records her trusting spirit's
vow.

Let her be mine in the battle of Life with smiles
love-deeds to crown ;

Let her be mine in the trying time when false friends
on me frown ;

Let her be mine in the hour of death, to hear my last
fond prayer :

And let her be mine in the worlds of light, to love and
to bless me there.

THE SEA AND HIS BRIDE.

THE salt sea tore in his passionate pride
A beautiful flower from his breast,
A flower he had vowed should be his Bride,
And by him be loved the best.
But he flung it in passion and pride away,
And 'twas borne to the shore by the white, salt spray
Where there a neglected thing it lay.

But the flower though it pined on the dreary shore,
Said—"surely the tempest will soon subside,
And I shall return to his arms once more,
Oh ! yes I shall yet be his Bride ;"
But the storm-wind ceas'd, and the western breeze
Wafted from emerald fields and trees,
A mantle of green to the Summer seas !

Ah ! gaily the waves danced up in the light
With a heartless murmur of pride,
And the Sea-flower heard the songs of delight
Of the ebb and the flowing tide—
It heard with sweet hopes the wavelets flow,
But fainted to see them faithless, go,
And it died, a Death of Promethean woe !

For alas ! the Sea was as false as fair,
And the flower as true as could be ;
For the Nymphs say, this was its dying Prayer—
“ Could I kiss but the hem of the Sea,
The hem of the robe of the tiniest wave,
Oh ! then would my sickening heart grow brave,
And with murmurs of joy, I should sink in the grave.”

But the proud Sea scorn'd this last request,
And the love that could not decay,
Till the Wind came swiftly out of the west
And wafted the Flower away !
But the Sea when he found the fair one fled,
On the pebbles and shells his salt tears shed,
And he mourn'd with a wailing cry for the dead.

And the Sea to the strand returns never more
Without a wail of pain,

But vainly he cries to the desolate shore
“ Give ! Give me my Bride again ! ”
In vain do the waves a dirge intone,
Ah ! in vain do they still for the dead make moan,
For the Lost to a truer heart has flown !

IF WE LOVED EACH OTHER.

As a Winter-weary Spirit for the sunny Spring-time
yearns,
So thirsting for the bliss of Love through all my being
burns,
For like a lovely Isis veiled, is Earth ere Love comes
down,
To clothe it with its raiment bright, and crown it with
its crown.
But if the ice-bound streams of Truth and Kindness
were set free,
And each one loved his Brother, O how happy Earth
would be.

How trifling would our daily tasks and sternest toils
become,

If joyous beams from loving eyes illumined every home,
And what a stream of luxury would ripple round each
heart,

If every soul on Earth would strive some kindness to
impart;

For O! the more I Love, I feel the more my GOD loves
me,

Then if we loved each other, O how happy we should
be!

For glorious is this world of ours—look on the grand
old hills,

Hear ye through flower-strewn meadows ring the music-
gushing rills,

And on the shore, or in the woods, what pleasant sounds
are heard,

The music of the wandering wind, and warblings of
the bird,

And see Night's starry canopy stretch'd over Earth and
Sea,

Then if we loved each other, O how happy we should
be!

Too long, too long, a crown of thorns has pressed
Earth's bleeding brow,

Too long o'er Love's Elysian fields has passed Hate's
mighty plough,
GOD! let the muffled Music, from Love's orchestra be
heard,
And by its sweet and still small voice let every soul be
stirred,
Let there be Light—the light of Love come down from
Heaven and Thee,
And make us love each other more, that we may happy
be!

Brothers, why stand ye idle, shall a Saviour call in
vain?
Begin to work for Love to-day—if Love ye would
obtain,
Why wait ye till the Night departs, for ere the dawning
morrow,
Some sad and heavy laden heart, may flooded be with
sorrow.
Then lift thy hand to wipe the tear, for this is Christ's
decree,
Except we love each other here, we cannot happy be.

If by some wondrous alchemy each unkind thought and
deed,
Were turned into a kindly word and breathed to hearts
in need,

O how the mists would roll away which GOD's grand
world obscure !

How would our eyes be opened to the beautiful and
pure,

How still would rest the waters then of Life's tumultuous
Sea,

Yes ! if we loved each other, O how happy we should be !

A HOME OF MY OWN.

Oh I long for a Home of my own !
Aweary of strangers and strife,
I yearn for the blessings of Peace,
And sigh for the Sabbath of Life.
My spirit hath drunk from Life's bitterest cup,
And it thirsts for its stinted wine,
When it heareth the sigh of my Darling's heart,
As her sweet eyes look Love into mine.

Oh I long for a Home of my own !
As a bark on the billowy sea,
When the storm or the tempest comes down
To a haven of refuge would flee.
I would fly like a bird to its darling nest,
Far away from the city of strife,
From the echoing sounds of the trampling feet
Of foes in the battle of Life !

Oh I long for a Home of my own !

I yearn for a downy nest,
To pillow the Dove, I would take to my heart,
Wherein we might live, love, and rest !
I thank thee dear GOD ! for this vision of bliss,
Which lightens the darkness around—
Whilst climbing the steeps of the world, 'tis for this
That I trust with Success to be crown'd.

Oh Love should its sceptre sway !

Kind hearts should find sweet welcome there,
And the voices of Pleasure and Peace,
Should banish the demon Despair !
And the mightiest monarch of Earth, who sits
In state on his royal throne,
Would not be so happy, as we should be,
Bless'd with Love, in a Home of our own !

MY FAVORITE NAME.

THERE is a sweetly, simple name,
Which hath a mystic spell,
Unknown to Fortune or to Fame,
Yet Memory guards it well.
'Tis graven deep in letters bright,
Upon that secret scroll,
Where none but Love's blest names are traced—
The tablet of the Soul !

I never feel it on my lips
In hours of toil or pain,
But thoughts of Peace, like violets smile
When bless'd with April rain,
And oh ! enshrined with jealous care,
This Talisman within—
Has kept me in Temptation's hour
From many a snare of sin.

Blest is the heart, to whom a name
So favored has been given,
As hers, which first, on bending knee !
I breathe in Prayer to Heaven.
For oh ! this is the star of Thoughts,
Which shieds a light divine—
This name so very dear, will soon
Be garlanded with mine.

THE WHITE CAMELLIA.

IN the festal hall in a Parian Vase with fern and ever-green,
Upon the dark Camellia leaves one snowy bud was seen,
Like a young Dove weary, resting upon the leafy bough,
White as an Angel's spotless wing, or a marbled Naiad's brow.

Not in the sunny gardens of an oriental clime,
Nor with exotics rich and rare the gems of Summer time,
But thanks to royal Josephine, transplanted from afar,
Amidst a scene of light and love, shone this fair floral star.

Not 'neath the potent influence of King Aurora's light,
Nor kiss'd by Summer winds that waft the silver dews of Night;

No birds of gorgeous plumage sang beneath its fragile
stem,

No fountain wept its blissful tears, its shining leaves to
gem.

Ah ! no—yet in that banquet hall far from its native
Isle,

It bloom'd beneath the witchery of Beauty's sunniest
smile,

And though no bird within its bower, poured forth the
spells of song,

Yet round it rose the voices sweet of a glad and joyful
throng.

And though no scented zephyrs there exhaled a fragrant
sigh,

Yet perfumed was its atmosphere as groves of Araby,
The air was laden with the notes of Music soft and clear,
Whieh whilst unfolding leaf by leaf this floweret seem'd
to hear.

Yea, as a loving heart expands beneath a dear one's eye,
Or when some well-known voice is heard, or step
glides lightly by,

So as with seeret consciousness of Beauty's mystic
power,

As with exulting heart for Joy, it bloom'd a perfect
flower !

THE VISIONARY ISLE.

“ I LOVE, said gentle Emily, to watch
The glorious sequel of a Summer day—
The mighty Sun expiring in the West
Upon its sapphire bed.” She gazed with joy
From the low casement, with the silken fringe
Of her soft eye upraised, whilst her sweet mouth,
Gave, as a rosebud gives its sweetness up,
The fragrance of her heart’s poetic thoughts.

“ I watched the sun one evening sink to rest
Even as now upon a couch of clouds,
And whilst the dewy hush of tranquil Eve
Stole o’er the face of Nature, there was spread
A world of grandeur in the empyreal heights,—
I saw its mighty mountains, cliffs and hills,
Embattled towers, and lofty palaces,
Gardens and sunny vales—but ’midst tall trees,—
Surrounded by a waveless Sea of light,

An island called "the Beautiful" arose,
Which seemed to float on billows of sweet sounds
As through our myrtles crept the evening wind.

"A bright, resplendent Palace glitter'd through
The waving boughs. Columns of Jasper, cast
An orient tint across the marble walls.
Its lofty cupola of burnished gold,
Tinted a lake of amethystine hue,
Fringed with the sweetest smiles of laughing flowers ;
And grandly rose above a circling grove
Of citron, orange, and acacia trees,
Where fountains dropp'd a coronal of gems
Upon the lilies slumbering on the stream.
'Twas Evening there, and with the cooling sounds
Of falling water, through the foliage
Of trees, low bending with ripe, luscious fruits,
Came a soft murmur, as from sleeping birds
Warbling sweet music in delicious dreams !

" Oh ! this thought I, must be fair Flora's realm,
The regal Palace of that youthful Queen
Who strews the Earth with Flowers,—and as I look'd
Methought I saw her in a radiant court
Cushioned on crimson velvet. Round her throne
Nature suspended glorious tapestry.
Her couch was made 'neath beautiful festoons—

Magnolias white, and blue Wistarias,
Roses, pale Jasmine, and pink Eglantine
Were gathered in a great triumphal arch
Around the fairy grotto of this Queen.
Her footstool seemed a Rainbow, all the hues
Of Heaven's own Iris smiled in glory there ;
Geraniums bloom'd like brilliant butterflies :
And, as submissive to their haughty smiles
The crimson Fuschias lowly bent their heads :
Whilst mingling with this aristocracy,
Like Excellence in unpretending guise,
Luxuriant buds of lilac Heliotrope
Embalmed the relics of departing day.

“ Entranced in thought, I saw the Fairy rise—
The faultless symmetry of her fair form
Became more visible—In wildest Dreams,
Those wondrous epic Poems of the Night,
I ne'er have seen a shape so full of grace,
Ethereally beautiful ! A look
Of speechless tenderness beamed o'er her face
As she inhaled the perfumes of the Flowers ;
A smile so eloquent, that the sweet thoughts
Which filled with Music her ecstatic soul
I thus interpreted. ”

“ Oh ! my fair children, I have loved you well,
But what though I beheld and pitied you

When sullen Winter flung an ermine robe
Over the silent earth ? Your cherish'd smiles
Cancel the debts of unpaid gratitude.
Learn then, O Man ! a lesson from the Flowers,—
Those fragrant, voiceless monitors will cheer
Thy sorrowing hōur, if thou wilt tend with care
And love and foster them—Then how much more
Should'st thou look up with thankfulness to Him,
Who through the Winter of thy Heart, regards,
And loves, and pities thee ? Oh ! I have oft
Wonderingly thought, do Flowers possess no souls
Spirits immortal, indestructible ?
For where is life so exquisitely wrought
As in their fragrant forms ? Are they then made
To live, to suffer, benefit and fade,
Without a hope of immortality ?
Oh no ! I cannot deem their destiny
Is of the Earth alone ! For what is Man ?
A proud, degenerate mass of breathing clay—
That he alone should claim the joys of Heaven.
May not the spirits of the gentle flowers
After a life of sinless purity,
Pass from the fleeting world invisibly,
And glorified in Heaven's pure atmosphere,
Exhale the sweets pervading Paradise ?”

“ But whilst considering the Fairy's thoughts,
The vision changed ; the rolling mass of clouds

Of orange hue, in silence passed away :
But e'er they blended with the favorite blue
Of the soft sky—a voice from Earth I heard
Pour forth this simple lyric of the heart.

“ Oh ! often I hear the glad bells ringing out
 A sweet and a joyful strain,
And voices of Love in the green valleys shout
 “ Two hearts are made happy again ! ”
And eyes beam with Love’s indescribable light,
 And cheeks like roses of Summer glow,
And hopes and prayers for days of delight,
 From hearts in showers of kind words flow.
And I wonder when I to some heart shall be dear
 And be loved as all others seem loved to be ;
If ever a voice will my spirit so cheer
 That will make some one dearer than all else to me !

I feel there’s a Power whose invisible hand,
 Rich blessings profusely showers,
And hearts at the touch of his magical wand
 Are fill’d like a vase with flowers.
I know that though free ’mongst Earth’s blossoms to rove,
 There is one whose sweet lips are best loved by the bee ;
And the bird poureth forth the sweet language of Love,
 Near its nest on the boughs of its *favorite* tree ;
And I long for the hour when I too shall be dear
 And love as all others seem loving to be,
And to hear that sweet voice which my spirit *must* hear,
 Ere one will be dearer than all else to me ! ”

“ Oh ! Earth, Earth, Earth, that thrilling voice of Love
Awoke a sweeter yearning in my soul

Than even the Fairy's Palace ! Words are vain
To express the joy that rippled round my heart !
For when the Moon walked up the star-paved sky,
And poured a stream of splendour o'er the Sea,
I thought GOD's Spirit moved upon the Deep,
And from the shore came up a holy voice
Breathing approving words,— Oh the full joy !
The exquisite delights of that blest eve,
Were witnessed only by His guardian band,
And by the silent stars, and those sweet flowers,
The lovely roses clustering o'er me now ! ”

OUR HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

WITHIN our happy Home there beams
The sweetly smiling face
Of one who like a sunbeam, casts
A halo o'er the place.
Her words, and works, and motives, speak
A soul so free from guile,
And there's such sweetness in her voice
And Love-light in her smile,
That I have thought she hovers there
That we may feel and know,
That Angels, as in Heaven above
Glide round us here below :
Angels that are to be, who here
Awhile are only given
Some sacred mission to fulfil,
E'er they go home to Heaven !

Sister Maria—'tis of her
That I am singing now,
She who so oft her hand has laid
In Love upon my brow.
For O, whene'er my heart is sad
With a love-thrilling voice,
She strives to charm my griefs to rest,
And make my soul rejoice.
So careful for another's joy,
Yet careless of her own,
It seems as if to work for Heaven
She dwelt on Earth alone !

And oh ! a secret power she wields,
For touch'd by her soft hand,
The veriest trifles of our Home,
With matchless grace expand.
No household duty does she scorn,
She thinks no task too hard,
When she can gain as recompence
A Love-smile for reward.
So meekly, yet so willingly
Her blessings she imparts,
As if unconscious of the flowers
She sprinkles in our hearts !

And oh ! no sufferer abroad
In vain would ask her aid,

For strong in Hope, and pure in Faith,
She never feels afraid.

The arrow that at noontide flies,
Or terrors of the night,
Are powerless to dismay her soul,
Strong in its sacred might.
And if to ease one heart of Pain,
No other balm were found,
Oh ! she would be an Eleanor,
To soothe the poisoned wound !

And wheresoe'er her spirit moves,
Its light dispelleth gloom ;
And softly falls her footsteps, in
The weary sufferer's room !
How silently she moves about,
Yea, like all blessed things,
Even as her sisters, who from Heaven
Descend with noiseless wings.
How softly she the pillow smooths !
As with instinctive hand,
Wants unexpress'd with power divine,
She seems to understand.

Great Parent, Thou who lookest down
With smiles upon the blest,

Long spare this darling one to us,
Home's best beloved guest—
O bless her still with Love and strength,
Her mission to fulfil,
Devoted to her holy work
Accordant with Thy will.
And oh ! accept our spirit's praise,
Thou, who in Love hast given,
This darling Angel, who has made
Our Home a little Heaven !

LOVE AND DEATH.

A TRUSTING Maiden young and fair,
Rose with a sigh from her vesper prayer ;
Loud was the voice of the mighty Sea !
Mournfully fell her secret tear,
She said, with the tremulous voice of Fear,
“ Oh will he never come back to me ?

“ Must I for ever feel this pain ?
Must I for ever hope in vain ?
Stern was the voice of the wailing Sea !
Still must the raging tempest blow ?
Still must my Home be the Home of woe ?
Oh will he never come back to me ?

“ He said, “ e'er the roses of Summer died
He would come and make me his darling Bride ; ”

Wild was the voice of the stormy Sea !
He said, ‘ I will take my Dove to a nest
In a beautiful land of the far-off West : ’
“ Oh will he never come back to me ? ”

“ Angels of Bliss, from the star-worlds, come !
Why are the minist’ring Spirits dumb ?

Why do I hear but the wailing Sea ?
The days of Summer are past away—
The flowers he gave me, all decay—
Oh will he never come back to me ? ”

“ Go ! said a still small voice that Night,
“ Go, at the dawn of the Morrow’s light,
Down to the shore of the surging sea ”—
The night-wind shriek’d round the maiden’s bed
The Death-watch tick’d, but the maiden said,
“ He will come, He will come again to me ! ”

She turn’d on her pillow, but could not sleep,
She heard the wail of the gurgling deep,
The ceaseless dirge of the rolling sea !
She rose e’er the light of Morn had risen,
And she said, as she look’d in Love to Heaven,
“ Thank God, he is coming again to me ! ”

The Fishermen came with the dawning light,
They saw on the shore a chilling sight—

A winding sheet was the salt, white, wave :
The maiden at last was made a Bride,
For she sleeps in peace at her lover's side,
But their bridal bed is the cold, dark grave !

A SIMILE.

O FANCY ! Empress of the Heart,
Thou dost a thousand joys impart,
In dreams of Love, thou bringest near
The dearest of the absent dear :
And I behold with all its grace
The sweet looks of that blissful face,
Whose smiles have been in life to me,
As moon-beams to a troubled sea ;
And though unnumbered objects move,
I see alone her smile of love :
Even as a child who looks afar,
And singles out the brightest star,

And dreams with innocent delight,
The orb that gives the brightest light,
Must be its Heart's Star, Death has given
Unto the shining hosts of Heaven.

WOMANS' LOVE.

THE love of woman is a sacred joy,—
Accurs'd is he who shall its trust betray ;
Who would create, then faithlessly destroy—
Inspire with trust, then sweep support away.

O GOD ! thy fiercest vengeance rest on such,
Who with cold hearts deceptively have smiled,
Then changed Love's Eden, with relentless touch
Into a ruin desolate and wild.

Man, with unyielding strength and nerve endowed,
May brave the changes of a woman's heart ;
Again may mingle with the trifling crowd,
And in the world's activity take part.

But Woman, she who passionately clung
With fond devotion to a changing thing ;
Beguiled by falsehood's base, envenomed tongue—
Who shall describe the tortures of its sting ?

Call ye this conquest ? Mark the bitter tears
Wrung from despairing sorrow on her cheek ;
Behold her heart, unchanged through changing
years,
Concealing woe of which no lip may speak !

Woman ! whose sacred destiny is this—
Life's thorny pillow with her love to smooth,
To be Man's guardian-spirit, share his bliss,
And with her gentle hand his sufferings soothe.

Who then shall dare destroy with ruthless hand,
This gift of GOD, this holy human tie :
And damp the fire he passionately fann'd,
To fill with tears devotion's sacred eye ?

The loudest thunders o'er his fate shall roll—
Accusing conscience will be heard at last—
And through the chambers of his guilty soul,
Shall glide reproachful spectres of the Past !

THE FALLEN.

O GOD ! we feel the wildest woe
The hand of Fate can minister,
To read a fallen character,
And all its fearful shadows know.

To dream an Angel has been kiss'd,
And then behold the fancies gay
Which clothed Life's idol, pass away,
And vanish like a Summer mist.

To find our fondest visions riven,
That what we dream'd a mystery,
Is still of cold mortality,
No truant from the realms of Heaven !

I said with proud and trusting thought,
Not if a Seraph came from Heaven
Would I believe her stained with leaven :
My heart so faithful had been taught.

But when unhallowed thoughts of shame,
Where whispered in the glare of day,
And with a flippant tongue, the gay
And thoughtless, lightly breathed her name—

I felt a sad sensation creep
Over my spirit, heart, and brain,
And as a sufferer wakes in pain,
I prayed in agony for sleep—
For sleep, yea such whose silent bed
A solace to the weary brings,
That bridge from Earth to Heavenly things ;
Where dreamless rests the pillow'd head.

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God save thee frail one—I must own
I cannot help but pity thee,
And all who are from Purity
And Virtue's eminence cast down.

Enough the grief their shame to bear,
Be ours the spirit to forgive,
To bid an erring Sister live,
Remembering such in earnest prayer.

MARRIAGE VOWS.

Voices of Joy make musical the hours
 Of the bright dawn, and merry voices say
 " Bring roses for the bridal—scatter flowers
 Upon the young Bride's path—and let her way
 Through life be glad and happy as to-day."

The week-day stillness of the house of Prayer
 Is broken, for the sounds of falling feet
 Wake echoes in the aisles, whilst in the air
 Spirits with solemn utteranee repeat—
 " To-day two souls before God's altar meet ! "

They meet, oh ! solemn thought—for deem thou not
 A trifling thing such meetings e'er can be,
 It is no passing pleasure, soon forgot,
 But the bright dawn of a new destiny,
 A Day whose evetide is Eternity.

For here no trifling pledges men may make,
But bonds enduring—linking soul to soul,
Until God shall the solemn contract break—
Till Death shall break at last the “golden bowl,”
And shrivel up the vow-recording scroll.

Oh ! woe to him who *lightly* breathes the word
Which binds two souls irrevocably fast :
Each promise made, is by Jehovah heard,
Who knows our Future well, as we the Past ;
And wills what flowers or thorns shall in our paths
be cast.

And He reads every heart, while lips are breathing
These holy vows ! O breathe them not then lightly !
Think not a blooming garland thou art wreathing
Made only for a moment to delight thee,
Lest the Avenging One in retribution smite thee !

For ah ! the polished brow may soon be wrinkled,
The voice now musical may feebly speak,
The path of Life may not with flowers be sprinkled,
The bloom of Beauty withers from the cheek,
The step now firm, may totter ; limbs grow weak.

Suffering may blanch the fascinating creature,
Sorrow may make the beaming eye grow dim,
And Time may alter e'en the loveliest feature,

That now caressingly is turned to him,
And fill the heart now glad, with sorrow to the brim.

Ah ! should Life's adverse billows overtake thee,
Its stormy sea make wrecks of joy and pride,
When false friends in misfortune shall forsake thee,
Wilt thou, O Bridegroom ! look upon thy Bride
And love her e'en as now, more than all Earth beside ?

If Gold allure thee to the sacred altar,
Or Beauty lead thee mocking by the hand,
Well may thy lips in doubt and terror falter—
Oh ! breathe thou no false vow—but understand
Well thine own heart, e'er thus with God you stand.

Think of the years these vows bind ye together,
Bind ye "to love, to honor, and obey,"
In health and sickness to console each other,
Pledged to love ever, fondly as to-day !
Can Wealth or Beauty bid true blessings stay ?

Oh ! think another's weal or woe, dependeth
Upon thy motives, whilst these vows thou'rt sealing ;
Be ye then sure, the prayer of Truth ascendeth,
And that thy soul, no thoughts of guile concealing,
May ask its God to bless, each seeret feeling !

MUSIC.

On ! I love Music, 'tis a potent balm
To soothe the passionate longings of the soul,
Which can the troubled sea of feeling calm,
And when I hear its voice, Joy scorns the World's
control !

Yea, when I hear it with its sister, Song,
Often I feel the joy-tear in mine eye,
And from my heart ascends a countless throng
Of mighty hopes, and aspirations high !

Solemnly slow, impressive or consoling,
I love to hear it flood GOD's sacred aisles;
The voluntary from the Organ rolling,
Or the sweet hymns which Angels hear with smiles.

Each dulcet note is like a fresh Rose, cast
Upon my path—I feel its incense rise,
And strive to hold the ethereal flowret fast,
Which in sweet echoes, undulating, dies.

Ah ! echoes even as rose-leaves gently falling
Which leave rich scents, impregnate the charm'd air
With melody—or seem as Angels calling
Blest answers to the spirit's earnest prayer.

God when He made the world so beautiful,
Bright skies, fair flowers, and the majestic Sea,
Knew that this world, though vast and wonderful
With all its grandeur, would not perfect be,

Until He gave to Earth its soul of sound,
Go forth, and hear the mighty waves of Ocean
Pour forth their grand Te Deum,—they resound
With Music waking spiritual emotion.

Yes, God created Music ! He whose voice
Controls the whirlwind ; the Mighty ! the For Ever !
Who bade the Morn and Evening to rejoice,
And the bright stars of Night to sing together.

And to the Flowers He gave a voice—how know we
That fragrance is not Music ? so refined,

So soft, so gentle, that the Angels only,
Can hear the sound, unknown to mortal mind.

Oh ! there is Music in all things we love,
In the sweet laugh of unaffected glee,
In the kind word which like the gentle Dove
Beareth the olive-branch across Life's troubled sea.

Sweet is the æolian music of the Night,
The Summer wind invisible, which lingers,
Around the myrtle trees, and rose-buds bright,
And harps upon the boughs with unseen fingers.

The voice of birds, sweet minstrels of the wild-wood,
The hum of bees, yea all to me brings back,
A thousand dreams and fancies of dear childhood—
Of Friends who smile not now upon my track.

Blessed be God, that when the groves of Eden
Lost their primeval grandeur, and Earth's flowers
Were set with thorns ; He did not take from Men,
The heavenly solace—Music's softening powers.

He knew without it drear, this World would be,
And gazing down the corridor of ages
To the great portals of Eternity !
He saw the tears that stain'd the Future's pages.

He knew how many a time, the spirit weary
Would be refresh'd, the eye of sorrow brighten—
The powers that it possessed to cheer the dreary—
He knew how many a bosom's care 'twould lighten.

He knew how many a cheek with suffering pallid,
Would feel a flush of pleasure at its voice,
How many a sinking spirit would be rallied,
How many a mourning one it would rejoice !

And He endowed it with still holier powers,
To waken in the heart, pure thoughts of bliss,
To steal the soul from love of withering flowers,
And bear our thoughts to regions far from this—

To realms where discord can disturb us, never !
Where no rude voices break the spells of song,
But where unwearied, we shall hear for ever,
The sacred harpings of an Angel throng !

LIFE.

TREAD softly!—nearer draw to her,
The fair, the lovely slumberer;
How beautiful beneath our gaze
The gentle breath of being plays!
Oh! Life thou art a mystery
Worthy of a Divinity!
The busy hand of Man, may raise
Proud Colosseums, Palaces,
And with his lofty intellect,
Become the ingenious Architect
Of structures vast and wonderful:
The mighty and the beautiful—
With skilful hand, may aptly mould
The waxen flower—or pave with gold,
His proudest temples, fairest shrines,
Wrought in a thousand rich designs;

Or from the shapeless marble, hew
Of life a lovely imitation,
Yet though so beautiful to view
It lacks the secret of creation :
For Man with all his boasted power
Could not give life for one brief hour,
Unto the lowliest thing which crawls
Upon the Captive's dungeon walls—
Life is the wondrous work alone,
Of Him who calls great worlds His own,
And though He, Man may delegate
Earth's minor wonders to create—
Life stands from intellect aside—
Disdaining Man's inherent pride,
Drawing a great and wondrous line,
Between the Human and Divine !

STANZAS.

No, there was nothing in her soul
To slake the burning thirst of mine,
She gave me thorns for smiling flowers,
And water when I asked for wine.

And when I sued for Music sweet,
A strain of discord smote mine ears,
And oh ! to every prayer for joy,
My heart was given a cause for tears.

We felt we dared not trust to Time
To join our Spirits as in one ;
We felt we held no common hope,
Or thought, or joy in unison.

And so we parted, friends at least—
Each prayerful for the others weal,
For better is an hour's regret,
Than years of bitter grief to feel.

No, there was nothing in her soul
To slake the burning thirst of mine,
She gave me thorns for smiling flowers
And water when I asked for wine !

SONG.

FLOWERS and joys for me !
Bright and glorious weather !
Smiles, O give to me,
And Summer-time for ever :
Songs of sweetest Music,
By the birds or streams,
Or the joyous Poet
Revelling in his dreams :
Ah ! with happy voices
Let my portion be,
All that here rejoices
Come be friends with me !

Flowers and joys for me !
Happy smiling faces,
Where no grief or care
Leaves its joyless traces ;

Give me hope and sunshine,
Spirits glad and free,
Bright eyes fondly beaming,
Full of Love for me !
Then, when Summer closes,
And ere joys decay,
Painless as the roses
I would pass away !

THE PAST.

ALAS, I feel that years have fled, since I beheld this
place,
Why is this spot so still?—Where is each fond familiar
face?
I should not know, but yonder hills with unchanged
grandeur rise,
And they, they only, answer me, by pointing to the
skies.

A FRAGMENT.

SWEET was the prelude to that Summer night,
When cradled in our little bark, we sped
Homewards o'er waters beautiful and bright
As Heavens ethereal curtain overhead.
We heard the ocean wild-birds loudly scream
Their last "good night" above their rocky nest,
And saw the King of Glory's farewell beam
Tinge with a sapphire tint the fading west,
And in that silent hour Time even seemed to rest !

But when the stars upon the azure skies
Walked forth—(those lovely watchers of the night)
O'er a majestic hill we saw arise,
A thin pale cloud, which gather'd like a blight
Over those bright, celestial golden flowers,

Night's lovely nurslings ! lo, they seem'd to fade,
Even as blossoms from our Summer bowers
A few did only penetrate the shade,
The rest fled fast away as if at clouds dismay'd.

We marked the Seaman with his practised eye,
Scan the dark omen rising into view,
We heard the wind pour forth a louder sigh
The Sea assumed a garb of sable hue.
The deep which long had slept, as clear as glass
Was ruffled, and seemed writhing as in pain,
When the night-wind did o'er its waters pass,
Whistling a sharp and melancholy strain,
As if it sought companionship in vain !

Fresher and fresher blew the blast, till we
Were hurried o'er the foaming brine like chaff,
And heavier grew the heavings of the Sea,
While its white waves seemed mockingly to laugh,
And near the Seaman, clung the trembling form,
Of his young Bride, as if in him were power,
To lull to rest the spirit of the storm,
And stay the terror of that evil hour—
The rose forsook her cheek as from a frozen flower.

But there was one—brave in that dread suspense,
When Hope was battling Fear—oh ! ne'er shall I

Forget the sweetness of her countenance—

Bright was the searching glance of her blue eye;
A look which bade the Seaman's fears depart—

And as she gazed upon the blackened deep
The voice of Faith rose softly from her heart,

“There is an eye which never falls asleep,
His watchful eye is on us. Wherefore weep ?”

Oh ! Love pervaded all her thoughts, and when

We deem'd the waves concealed our watery grave,
And when we thought the Seaman's efforts vain,

Love made the heart and trusting spirit brave.

Oh ! Sovereign Power ! well thou canst rob the storm

Of half the terrors that it doth possess ;

And whilst so near me bent that lovely form,

Methought, 'tis sweeter far with Love's caress
To die, than live unloved in Life's lone wilderness !

Death ! ah ! I shrank not from his cold embrace,

Better to perish—if our destiny

No deeds to do, to benefit our race,

But live, and only live, at last to die !

For what were sweeter than a joy like this,

With Earth's best loved in company to go ;

With the bright hope of everlasting bliss,

Where there are no more parting scenes of woe,
No billowy seas, or tears, no stormy winds to blow ?

ELLA'S SONG TO TIME.

O TIME thou changest all things—the beautiful and
bright
Plead vainly for thy favors, in darkness and in light ;
Thou changest with thy potent hand the most enchanting
place,
Leaving thy dreaded signature on every lovely face :
The roses of the Beautiful before thy spells decay,
Her tresses lose their wonted light, her sweet smiles
pass away :
The wrecks of strength which thou hast made, lo !
everywhere I see,
Yet though thou art so terrible, one boon I crave of
thee—

I ask thee not to spare the form of Youth's idolatry,
To check thy mastery o'er the Mind, thy powers o'er
Memory,
I do not pray thee to restrain, in Life's ambrosial
bowers,
The power with which thou steal'st away the lightly
dancing flowers,
Oh ! no, I ask not such of thee—this boon I crave
alone—
That thou wouldst spare the Love that in my heart has
made a throne,
Oh ! spare that fount of hope and joy, the sorrow of
decay,
And thou may'st blanch my glowing cheek, and turn
my tresses grey.

THE LITTLE MOTHER.

“ COME take us to our Mother’s room,”
 Two infant orphans said,
 “ We have not wished her yet ‘ good night ’
 O take us not to bed.”

The tears fell from their sister’s cheek,
 She led them past the door,
 And whispered with a mournful voice—
 “ Dear Mother is no more.”

“ Where is she, then ? Oh ! tell us where
 Our Mother dear is gone ?
 She surely loved us all too well
 ‘ To leave us here alone.’ ”

“ She’s gone to Heaven,” the maiden said,
 “ She watches from the sky ;
 And you shall go, if you are good,
 And see her by and bye.”

“O ! who will be our Mother now ? ”
Each little mourner cried ;
“ I’d rather than our Mother dear—
God took all else beside.”

She kiss’d their little quivering lips,
She kiss’d each earnest brow,
And whispered with a gentle voice—
“ I’ll be your Mother now ! ”

Oh ! sacred was the smile of love,
That flushed her pallid face ;
It seem’d as if the Mother’s soul
Took then the Sister’s place.

“ Dear little Mother,” both replied,
“ We’ll love you and obey,
And pray that God will never more
Let us a wrong word say.

“ And we will thank Him in our prayer,
For having kindly given
A darling Mother on the earth,
As well as one in Heaven ! ”

That night she wrought a Mother’s part,
She wiped their tears away ;
And led them to their little room,
Their evening prayers to say.

And whilst she watch'd beside the bed
And kiss'd them when asleep ;
She heard a voice as if from Heaven—
“ Be faithful—do not weep ! ”

And often when 'gainst household cares,
Her heart had vainly striven ;
This thought her failing strength renew'd,
“ Mother looks down from Heaven ! ”

God give the little Mother strength
Her heavy lot to bear ;
Angels, smile on her with delight,
And tend her with your care.

THE TALE OF THE DEEP.

'TWAS to a wild, but fairy-like recess
Whose Architect was Nature, half-conceal'd
In a luxuriant wilderness of leaves,
That on one Summer eve, my friend and I
Repaired, to hear the sounds symphonious
Of the bright stream that rippled through its shades
As it passed on, as if with eager haste
For the embrace of the blue, waveless sea.
Nor wonder that we loved its music clear,
For e'en the mosses crept as with delight
Round the unresting brook, and from the sod
On either side sprang ferns, whose feathery leaves,
Were wafted in the perpetual breath of God.

Sweet were the echoes of this falling stream,
And sweet the western music of the wind
And of the bird that sang its vesper hymn :
Sweet too were perfumes of the half-faint flowers
Reviving 'neath the dewdrops' gentle kiss ;

But sweeter far in such a time and place
It was to hear the lips of one belov'd,
Pour forth the eloquent Poetry of the heart.

Long did we loiter in this leafy glade,
But whilst emerging from the green recess,
A scene of proud magnificence entranced
Our souls,—for far across the sea,
The Queen of Night pour'd forth a silv'ry stream :
The sky displayed its starry rosary,
And the tall trees, and tow'ring chalk-white cliffs,
And wild clematis clambering up the heights,
And ferns, aweary of incessant dance,
Seem'd crystallized—We both in silent joy,
Gaz'd on the blissful scene—Our lips moved not
And all was hushed as in a gentle sleep,
Save the deep sea, which with a voice subdued
Seem'd wooing the crystal streamlet to its heart.

“ Oh ! how I love the sea ” my fair friend sigh'd,
“ But tell me true—Is this the same great deep
Which in the wintry nights when wild winds blow,
Springs like a hungry lion to the shore,
With gleaming teeth, and vengeful, foaming lips,
Utt'ring a wild, heart-mocking, deafening roar,
Bearing away the lonely Fisher's boat,
Moor'd on the pebbly beach :—
And as the King of the Forest rends his prey,

Crushes the works of Man, like fragile toys—
Scattering the splintered wrecks upon the strand,
Like bones to bleach beneath the frowning sky ?

She ceased—but from the mighty crags beneath—
We thought, we heard the still voice of the Deep,
Pronounce in solemn tones this strange reply—

“ GAZE, Gaze upon me when ye may
At dead of Night, or break of Day,
When quiet as a Summer sky
My wavelets kiss the briny sand—
Or when like mountains, rolling high,
I strive to inundate the land.

“ Still ye will love me—but with love
Like that ye feel for One above :
For when my ‘ still small voice ’ ye hear
Your heart will bound with life and glee :
But bravest souls shall quail with fear,
When vengeful storms sweep over me.

“ Ah ! vainly often on mine ear
Falls the loud shriek of deep despair,
And earthly Parents or their Child
Cradled upon my waves, asleep,
Are wakened by my billows wild,
To see the terrors of the deep.

“A watery mound is every wave,
Swelling above a mortal’s grave :
And down, down in my mighty depths,
A countless host sleeps silently,
’Midst petrifying barks, which once
In stately pride pass’d over me.

“ And I take too with ruthless hand,
The pride and glory of the land,
For Earth’s most regal treasure, paves
The grottos hidden in the deep,
And in my wealthy coral caves,
I there my priceless jewels keep.

“ Ye would not think to gaze on me,
I hold so vast a treasury—
But Men shall see, with wondering souls,
When thundering through immensity—
Jehovah’s mighty mandate rolls—
“ Restore thy dead, O Sea ! ”

“ These are the reasons, then ye see
I am surnamed a mystery—
Sometimes serene, so still I lie,
That ye may think I am asleep,
And would not deem my waters blue
Concealed the terrors of the Deep.

“ But gaze in that tempestuous hour,
When I array myself in power—

Then ye shall hear mine awful voice
Pervading all with solemn glory,
And ye shall be convinced my waves
Rehearse a melancholy story !

“ One voice alone do they obey,
'Tis His, whose mighty hand can stay
Worlds at His bidding—who could shake,
Even as dew-drops from a flower,
Vast Worlds from yonder starry sphere,
Nor lose one atom of His power ! ”

STARS AND DEWDROPS.

A FRAGMENT.

How beautiful is Night—how grand
With all her Stars, which silently
So fondly from the better land
Look down upon Life's troubled Sea,
Like beacons from a friendly shore,
Thrice welcom'd by the mariner,
Who feels with bounding heart—once more
That there must be a haven near.
Across the lawn the breeze of Night,
Wafts perfume from the jasmine white,
The Nightingale's sweet spirit, thrills
The wood with wondrous melodies,
And 'neath the moon, the rippling rills,
Sing softly to the alder trees—
Whilst on the bosom of the Rose,

Trembles in crystalline repose—
A brilliant shining hemisphere,
(Bright as a young Bride's joyous tear,)
In which from Fairy-land at Night—
The Elfin tribe, comes down to kiss
The flowers ; which tremulous with delight
Smile as with love in silent bliss.

PARTING.

THE fondest friends, the truest friends,
The hand of Time will sever,
Hearts that through many a changing scene
Have trusted in each other.
It is their destiny to part—
All things we love are fleeting,
And partings seem to be Man's lot
That he may think of meeting

Where absence cannot pain the heart
And friend meets friend, no more to part.

The fondest friends, the truest friends
Must part; but oh! it is a joy,
To feel there is a world, whose bliss
The parting scene cannot alloy.
So let us then with Faith undimm'd
Look forward to those realms of light
Where clouds of sorrow are unknown,
To mar that land, as they do this.
Let Hope our Present then illume—
A bright World lies beyond the Tomb.

OUR SISTER'S BRIDAL.

OH! the world seems full of promise, and the Earth
smiles on us all,

Joys and sunshine, hope and blessings in Summer
showers fall ;

A day of bliss is dawning—**God** bless its rosy light,
May it be a glorious advent to millenial delight,
But yet I feel not glad to-day as others by my side,
To see thee, gentle Sister, apparell'd as a bride ;
For so long, so well, I've loved thee, that I know not
how to part

With thee, thou darling Angel of my happy home and
heart !

Our Mother's eyes beam gladness—they reprove my
sadness now,

She loves to look, sweet Sister, on thy free and careless
brow ;

And though she feels our home will have indeed a
vacant place,
She thinks of thee and happiness, and a smile steals o'er
her face ;
She knows her darling jewel will in Love's bright ring
be set ;
And stays with blessings on her lips, her loving heart's
regret.

But though sweet Sister on my cheek I even feel a
tear,
O do not, do not think my hopes or wishes less
sincere !
By all the joys through thee we know—by all the love
I feel,
With deep devotion in my heart, for thee to-day I
kneel ;
Oh ! may each hope that now is felt—each prayer of
those we love,
Be heard with smiles by Him who looks from the land
of light above.

I know earth's roses must have thorns—the loveliest
day, its night,
But may you love as fondly then, as when all is calm
and bright ;

Should friends forsake, or should the sky of Hope be
overcast,
GOD grant with love **TOGETHER** you may smile upon
the blast,
And though the bloom of Health may fade, yet then, as
in its prime ;
Oh ! may ye prove that Love can reign triumphant over
Time.

Thou knowest Sister that I love, all that is loved by
thee,
That every favorite of thine must be very dear to me ;
But I joy to think there is not one in whom I would
confide,
More than in him who to his heart now takes thee as
his bride ;
GOD bless him for his love for thee, his truth to me
and mine,
And may the cup of Life for him be fill'd with richest
wine,
May he know no doubts, no dangers, no sorrow and no
gloom,
And may guardian Angels tend ye both, from the altar
to the tomb.

RAIN.

THANK Heaven ! the rain is coming down again,
For which the lovely flowers and budding trees
Have thirsted long, and sought till now in vain,
Languidly swaying in the passing breeze :
But now the wind blows softly from the west,
Our supplications have to GOD arisen ;
Our prayers, with gracious answers, have been blest—
The gentle rain is coming down from Heaven.

With unavailing grief we mourn'd to see
Fruits that sustain'd us, falling to decay,
Perishing in the blossom on the tree,
And thirsting flowers which withered in our way.
With heart oppress'd, a mourning Poet said,
“ The young Spring, friend, will lose her maiden
pride,

Man's boasted strength is powerless to aid
The drooping blossoms dying by his side.”

Thus in that Rain, beheld we Providence,
And not alone as then—for I have known,
The clouds of sorrow hang in darkness dense
Over a heart which felt it was *alone*.
Men would not soothe the sorrows it contain'd :
It yearn'd for sympathy's most genial rain,
But sad and desolate it long remain'd,
Asking the friendship of this world in vain.

Prayer then unlock'd the tomb of Memory,
And secrets that the spirit would not dare
Reveal to men, deeds of dark mystery,
Well'd forth like streams from mountains, in a
prayer :
The poisonous breathings of neglect and scorn,
Had withered all the phantasies of youth,
Till on that night, dawn'd promises of morn,
The first impression of the joys of Truth—

Then fell the living rain-drops from above—
And as the shower refreshes earthly bloom,
Hope, pour'd from realms of happiness above,
Gave light where all was sombre as the tomb.

Oh ! now the wind blows softly from the west,
Thank GOD, his prayers have not in vain arisen,
And whilst with blessings all his days are blest,
He feels they come like gracious Rain from Heaven.

THE EVE OF DEATH.

MOTHER, open wide the window ; though I've often
gazed before,
Yet I feel that I should like to look upon the Earth
once more,
And to hear the rippling ocean, and behold the azure
sky,
Whilst the evening sun is setting—for the last time
ere I die.

Mother, yonder I am traeing in the quiet, tranquil skies,
Forms of Angels bright and glorious, who look down
with loving eyes,
And methinks I hear sweet whispers, telling me I soon
must go
To a radiant world above me, *so* unlike our world
below—

Where the flowers are everlasting, and the skies are
ever fair,
And incessant songs are floating in the sweetly perfumed
air,
Ah! the echo of that music in my dreams I oft have
heard,
Sweeter than the fountain's ripple, or the warblings of
a bird.

See, the harvest moon is rising; gleaners homeward
wend their way,
For the Night with muffled music lulls to sleep the
parting Day,
And the butterfly is sleeping lightly on the dewy
rose,
And the birds which sang so sweetly, on the fragrant
boughs repose.

Birds will wake again to-morrow and the young lark
from the cloud,
With a heart with joy o'erflowing will pour forth its
lays aloud,
But oh! higher than Earth's minstrel—I shall sing a
joyful hymn
In that fadeless realm of glory, evening shades can
never dim.

Mother, many a time at midnight in the distant skies
afar,
I have seen sweet gentle glances, beaming from each
golden star—
While the moon was brightly shining, like a Queen en-
throned above,
'Midst the stars which seem'd like Angels moving round
the throne of Love.

And I thought I heard sweet voices singing praises with
delight,
And saw smiles as now seem beaming from the clouds
of blue and white ;
Listen! for I now hear voices—shall I tell you what
they say ?
Oh! they call, they call unto me, " Sister spirit, come
away."

So my mother, I am going, going to that countless
throng,
And to join with those sweet voices in a never-ceasing
song,
Do not weep, for I am going to a world of rest and
bliss—
Farewell, mother ! let me dying, feel thy warm and
loving kiss.

FOR THE MOURNER.

ANGELS of GOD pour out a balm
Upon the mourner's heart,
Let the wild waves of strife be calm,
Rest to her soul impart !
Pour sleep upon her tear-wet lids
Let thoughts of grief depart !

Watch through the midnight of her soul,
Soothe now the pillow'd head :
O let the stream of Lethe roll
Over the quiet dead !
Unfold your wings, ye cherubims
Around our Sister's bed.

Come to her from the griefless spheres,
Now in the hush of night,
Kiss from her cheek the sorrowing tears,
Which long have dimm'd her sight !
Answer O GOD ! her fervent prayer—
Let there be light !

THE BLIND MAN.

OFT I have seen him on the Sabbath day,
Kneel with devotion in the aisle to pray,
And 'twas a solemn sight indeed, to see
The old man in GOD's temple bend the knee—
His grey locks falling sadly o'er his brow,
Furrowed by Care and Time's relentless plough.
He loved to hear his Pastor's voice declare—
Eyes blind on Earth in Heaven receive their sight,
And listening to the wondrous miracle
Of Bartimeus with intense delight,
Though sightless, yet he seem'd almost to gaze
Upon his Saviour, who the afflicted heal'd ;
And a bright smile his pale, wan cheek illum'd,
As if the Future was to him unseal'd,
And hidden light to us, to him had been reveal'd.

SONNET.

A FATHER.

O ! WHO can feel unconscious of the worth
Of a fond loving Parent on the earth,
The miniature of Him who reigns above ?
And who in reckless pride of heart shall dare
Repeat in scorn those syllables of love
Which Angels joy to hear, in praise or prayer ?
I feel “ our Father ” to my Father here
Is such as Heaven, to this terrestrial sphere—
Yet to my earthly Parent, do I owe,
Far more than tongue may tell, or heart can know—
For all the weary hours, with hand and brain
In which he toiled for me with patient pain !
Oh ! where is such affection undefiled,
As the fond Parent’s for his darling child ?

SONNET.

A MOTHER.

“ FATHER who art in Heaven” —how often rise
 These words in invocation to the skies—
 Yet there are kindred words, almost as dear,
 Mother and Home—how swiftly through the ear
 They pass into the heart, awaking there
 Perchance some simple hymn, or words of prayer
 Taught long, long years ago—words that have risen
 And saved the child from the grim Tempter’s snare,
 With their sweet breathings of the bliss of Heaven !
 Oh ! my own Mother’s smile, and gentle word,
 Even when absent, I have seen and heard
 As in a dream ; to which such spells are given,
 That I can never own a fellow-worker, Brother,
 Whose lips can lightly breathe the sacred name of
 Mother !

CONSOLATION.

We spake of Sisters, of the influence
They hold within our spirits, and our homes.
How pure was their affection ; and how sweet
A thing it was to have them ever near
Gliding like minist'ring spirits in our paths.
A tear-drop dimm'd his eye, but ere it fell,
He dashed it from its fount, and sadly said—

“ I had a little Sister once
But she has long been dead,
For many a year the primroses
Have blossom'd o'er her head.
A child, I thought it was unkind
Of God to take away
The sweet companion of my life
With whom I loved to play.

They took me to the silent room
Wherein my sister laid,
Though clad in death's habiliments
I did not feel afraid
So sweet a smile was on her lip
And whilst her eyes were closed,
I thought that this could not be death,
So sleep-like, so composed.

Death was within my happy heart,
A secret yet unborn,
I knew not he could take the rose
To leave a crown of thorn ;
I wept because my Father wept,
But could not understand,
When first he told me she was gone
To the good and happy land.

But now long years have pass'd away
Alas I should not weep,
That Death so early clos'd the eyes
Of her I loved in sleep ;
But rather joy that Angels bore
Upon white wings away,
The first love of my infant heart,
To realms of endless day.

For ah ! I wonder God in love,
Calls not more home to rest,
Ere sin's contaminating touch
Can mar the destin'd blest ;
And when I mark the sufferer's form
Glide like a spectre by,
When I behold the pallid cheek
And hear the mourner sigh—

I look from up this vale of tears,
To regions bright and fair,
And watch the clouds like Angels pass
In forms of glory there ;
And feel a thrill of deepest joy,
That one I loved so well,
Should thus have pass'd so soon from Earth
In Paradise to dwell. ”

DISAPPOINTMENT.

PITY the hapless butterfly
Which with the first, warm, sunny ray
That flashes 'cross a wintry sky,
Unfolds its pinions light and gay,
And bounding on exultant wing
To greet the joyous smiles of Spring,
And thinks to breathe the Roses breath,
Finds Earth alone the abode of Death—
The flocks stand shivering in the field ;
The flowers it loved, in snow concealed,
Whilst with a cold, sepulchral tone,
The wild winds up the valley moan ;
And ah ! instead of Love and Joy,
Instead of Spring with welcome hand,
Death comes its visions to destroy,
For Winter reigneth o'er the land !
And when his bleak and mocking smiles,

Dispel at last, its bright illusion,
Deceived by his insidious wiles,
It dies the victim of Delusion !
And pity thou the life deceived,
In all it hoped for, or believed—
Which like a bird towards the light,
Bounds with a cry of wild delight,
And dreams in peace and joy to rest,
Again upon its favorite tree,
To be by Love and Pleasure bless'd ;
Unfettered by captivity—
But as it meets the dazzling glass,
Essaying from its prison to pass,
Down from the adamantine walls,
With bleeding, breaking heart it falls !

RUTH.

▲ PARAPHRASE.

ENTREAT me not to leave thee, for oh ! I cannot tell,
The bitter sorrow I should feel to breathe the word
Farewell !

Oh, no I will not leave thee, whate'er thy fate may be,
Whither thou goest I will go,—my home shall be with
thee.

Thou sayest that the stranger's land is beautiful and
fair,
That Heaven hath poured its richest streams of joy and
gladness there ;
But oh ! the loveliest spot of earth would seem a dreary
place,
If I could never hear thy voice, or see thy smiling face.

Oh! no I cannot leave thee, be bright or drear thy lot,
I could not make a home on earth, where Mother, thou wert not ;
The fairest flowers would lose their charms, the sunniest lands their light,
If thou couldst not be near, to share their pleasure or delight.

Oh! there may be a wealthier home, with brighter skies above,—
But what is wealth but poverty without the joy of Love ?
Then ask me not to leave thee, I'd rather share with thee
The sorrows and the woes of want, than we should parted be.

Though blessings might fall round me—think you that I could rest ?
My thoughts would ever fly to thee, by kindly hearts unbless'd,
And who would soothe thy weary heart, or comfort thee in pain ?
Oh no ! I could not leave thee—then ask me not again.

I'll dwell with thee, my Mother, thy land shall be mine
own,
Thy friends shall be *my* friends, Mother ; *thy* GOD *my*
GOD alone ;
And whatsoever may betide, from thee I will not roam,
Till GOD shall send his Angel, Death, to take my spirit
home.

A VOICE IN THE SUMMER.



I LOVE all things lovely, and fain would forget
That on Earth exist sorrow, pain, sin, and regret ;
A Summer all sunshine—the calm of life's sea—
Oh ! all, all things lovely are best loved by me.

I look up to Heaven with heart full of delight
To see the bright clouds pass like Angels in flight ;
But think not whilst gazing upon them, that they
In a few passing moments will vanish away.

I love the blue waves of the wonderful deep,
When the storms are by Summer lull'd softly to sleep ;
But think not whilst watching the slumbering wave
That it soon may engulf the proud bark of the brave.

I love the sweet roses that smile on us now
From the light leafy spray of the beautiful bough,
And pity the man, who beholding them smile,
Talks only of earth's imperfections the while.

Oh ! I love the bright blossoms ; their exquisite grace—
What matters to me a *wee* leaf out of place ?
When they seem from their hearts to pour all that they
can
To stimulate love in the cold heart of man ?

And I love the wild birds which happy and *gay*,
Enjoy all that's bright, heeding nought of decay
And do not understand, whilst their melodies float,
What connoisseurs mean by “ defects in a note. ”

I pity the vain, ay, the sinful conceit
Of those who make *bitter*, what GOD has made *sweet*!
Who, ignorant even of what they condemn,
Would tarnish the worth of the loveliest gem.

I pity the soul that all Beauty *dissects*,
Whose eyes are like microscopes—seeking defects,
Whose lips never utter unqualified praise,
Though the loveliest things of the earth meet their gaze !

But I honour the heart that, confiding and true,
Strives always to have life's bright objects in view ;
Who speaks of a brother, in charity kind,
And seeks not his faults or his failings to find !

SONNET.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

I DO not wonder our Redeemer smiled
On little Children, and in accents mild
Bade His disciples to "Forbid them not
But suffer them to come" to Him ; for oh !
'Tis sweet to turn from faces marr'd with woe,
Or those that bear old Time's relentless blot,
And gaze upon their countenances fair,
Smiling in innocent mirth, or earnest prayer.
Even as the Egyptian Princess, with a smile
Gave to its nurse the infant of the Nile—
So GOD, Earth's "little ones" to us has given,
To nurse for Him, to nurture, yea for Heaven,
And He will pay us from His mint above,
And coin us words of joy, and smiles of filial love.

LEAVE US NOT YET.

O ! BEAUTIFUL Summer-time, leave us not yet—
The world will thy glory and brightness regret ;
We love you as fondly as ever—oh, then,
Why now do you pass from the valley and glen ?
Why leave you the flowers of the forest to wither ?
Why bid you the days of cold Winter come hither ?
Why make you the birds flee away from the grove ?
Why teach you the heart the mutations of love ?
O ! stay, do not leave us, we love you as well
As when Spring with her violet-breath, bade you
farewell.

“O ! beautiful Summer-time leave us not yet : ”
Thus pray’d a fair maiden her pale cheeks still wet ;

“ I have tasted of all the enchantments you bring,
I’ve seen your flowers blossom, I’ve heard your birds
sing ;
But something ye brought me far dearer than this—
Ye woke in my heart its first visions of bliss ;
For ‘neath your bright roses a sweet voice I heard,
Belov’d more than music of streamlet or bird :
O ! then, joyous Summer-time, leave us not yet,
But stay, that he may not his promise forget. ”

“ Stay, beautiful Summer-time, still with us stay,
Was the prayer that I too heard an aged man say :
“ Thou mak’st my heart glad with thy beautiful flowers,
Which spring up like fairies round earth’s smiling
bowers ;
And thy musical birds free from envy and strife
Wake memories sweet of the morning of life ;
And I then half forget my bereavements and pain,
And think that my childhood is come back again.
But Winter will change all these dreams with his breath
And remind me alone of the season of death ;
So, beautiful Summertime, joy of my heart !
O ! still stay and bless us ! oh ! do not depart. ”

But Summer rebuked with sad voice all these prayers,
And answered, “ Now others have need of my cares.”

She flew o'er the mountain from woodland and dell,
And the cold winds relentlessly chaunted Farewell.
And Winter came forth with a terrible frown,
And hurl'd the creations of Summer-time down.
But whilst the broad meadows were whitened with snow
And we heard the north wind o'er the wild billows blow,
The Summer was smiling in far distant lands,
Dispensing to others earth's joys from her hands.
And thus, though Man will not humanity spare,
But steal from another the joys all should share ;
Though to make himself happy he cares not who fall,
God scatters his blessings alike amongst all.

THE WORLD'S GREAT ENEMY.

THERE'S a demon forth ! there's a demon forth !

He roameth a conqueror free,

He is loosed from the realms of dark Despair,

And a maniac's laugh, laughs he.

He dwells in ten thousand fearful breasts,

He mocketh the haggard eye,

And Want and Disease are his bosom friends,

Debt, Sorrow and Misery.

He goeth forth with a treacherous smile,

And his blood-stained banner we see ;

His hands the fairest scenes defile,

But followers many has he.

I see him go forth in the dark, dark night,

He goes with a flashing eye ;

And mocks with a fiend's impure delight,

The GOD of the Heavens on high !

He enters the doors of the happiest homes,
But the children flee in dismay,
And the young wife weeps a burning tear,
Which in vain she wipes away.
But he mocketh the grief of the guileless heart,
And curses her innocent form ;
And the home that is touched by his fearful hand,
Becomes like a wreck in the storm.

There's a demon forth ! there's a demon forth !
His blood from the goblet flows,
And lips that love the accursed draught,
His spirit within them glows.
I have seen him betroth the fairest Bride,
I have heard his bridal prayer,
But have mark'd how he paled her roseate cheek,
And furrowed her brow with care !
At the happiest homes, at the purest hearts,
Are his bolts of vengeance hurl'd ;
And he prides himself on his fiendish darts,
The curse of this sinful world !

There's a demon forth ! there's a demon forth !
He comes with a tempting wile,
With a witching look, and a cursed touch
And a false, perfidious smile.

From his lips breaks forth a shower of oaths,
The fruits of the dissolute bowl—
And the curse of GOD is on his brow ;
And a leprosy clings to his soul.

Beware, Beware of this demon form,
And his foul polluted band,
For misery, shame, and vile disgrace,
Are link'd with him hand in hand.

There's a demon forth ! there's a demon forth !
Sound loud the alarm bell—
Raise the hue and cry, let the traitor die,
Toll over his grave a knell.
When men shall this fettering hand destroy,
Oh ! how many a heart will be glad !
The nations will give a shout of joy—
And happiness gladden the sad ;
Children will smile with childhood's smile,
And strong will become the weak,
And the bloom of Youth will return again
To many a withering cheek !

EAU DE VIE.

THERE is a stream, which Men may make, polluted
and accurs'd,
From which they strive to satisfy the spirit's parching
thirst;
They mock with scornful lips, the kind Physician
always near,
And seek a cordial from the world their sufferings to
cheer;
They make a deadly poison, though bright it seems to
be,
And labelled with a tempter's craft, the "*Genuine Eau
de Vie.*"
But oh ! how soon the treacherous draught reveals its
fatal powers;
See ! how it withers in the soul, the angel's sweetest
flowers,

Love, peace, and purity, and joy, oh! see how they depart,

To leave to a consuming fire the poor deluded heart.

How many a young wife's burning tear it makes in vain to flow,

How many a mother's breaking heart is made its curse to know,

How many a bright and happy home this poison has defiled,

And oh! how many a trusting one its influence beguiled.

Beware, then, brothers, of a name, that gilds a counterfeit,

For many a sweet, is bitter call'd, and many a bitter sweet.

But still, I hear the thirsting cry, "O! give, give us to drink,"

Stay, weary, fainting brother, stay, pause on Destruction's brink,

Where'er there is a counterfeit there must be something real,

Go, strive to grasp reality, to Heaven for help appeal.

Yes, yes, there is "a well of life," which none shall seek in vain,

"And they, who of its waters drink, shall never thirst again."

Think of that sweet, delicious draught!—what! thirst on earth no more?

Shall all our longings after love, and earthly gain be o'er?

And though with many a sorrow dark our spirits are opprest,

Is there a cordial that can soothe our griefs and cares to rest?

Yes, there shall be no thirst for thee—but sweet serene repose!

And what ye thought “a wilderness, shall blossom like the rose.”

No searching rays of passion's sun, no cold or blighting breeze,

No bitter frosts of hate or scorn, the saered fount shall freeze,

For there shall be a well within, unmoved by earthly strife,

Refreshing every heart with thoughts of everlasting life!

STANZAS.

WRITTEN FOR AN EARLY CLOSING ASSOCIATION.

SHUT up your shops!—let not Mammon persuade you
To barter for Gold all the blessings of life;
Shut up your Shops!—let not Mercy upbraid you!
Why mar you God's glad world with unending strife?
Whilst iron wheels of grim Labor are turning,
Hopes from sad hearts, like bright sparks flee away;
Oh! what crush'd souls are for liberty yearning,
Long after sunset, and day after day.

Shut up your Shops!—hear the sweet invitation
The birds of the woods and the sweet flow'rets give;
List to the music that bursts from creation,
“Love one another,” and “Live and let Live”

Love is not crushing the soul's aspiration,
Life is not given for serfdom to Gold !
To grind down the spirit in mental starvation,
Making young hearts prematurely grow old.

Shut up your Shops !—let glad Nature's sweet teachings
Sink deep in your hearts ; whilst Humanity's call
Wakes you from slumber to hear the beseechings
Of innocent victims who round you may fall !
Wipe out this stain ! oh ! impede now no longer
The progress of Intellect, Knowledge, and Truth ;
Let all that's Beautiful daily grow stronger,
Nurture, not blight, the fair blossoms of Youth.

Shut up your Shops !—that the sower of Knowledge
May scatter the seed of improvement 'mongst all ;
Shake off the World and its King's fatal bondage ;
Lift up your hands and your hearts from their thrall.
Shut up your Shops !—*ere dense darkness prevaleth,*
Turn ye from Warehouse, and Counter, and Till ;
But open your hearts, e'er the day of grace faileth,
And propagate blessings of Peace and Good-will.

A MAN.

I LOVE to see a Man whose acts
The title well may claim ;
Whose lips despise not *common* sense,
And on whose brow Intelligence
Inscribes its glorious name !

Bright eyes that flash indignantly,
Disdaining flattery's dower ;
With form erect, life's blasts to brave,
Too proud to yield himself a slave
To passion's baneful power.

A mind with useful Knowledge stored
In Truth and Virtue strong ;
With smiles of love upon his cheek,
And lips that know not how to speak
A falsehood or a wrong !

A soul that feels its destiny
Is not alone for Earth ;
Who counts not birth or ancestry,
But patents his nobility
By deeds of highest worth !

No cringing suppliant for gain
Beneath a tyrant's rod ;
But with an independent heart,
Resolves to nobly act the part
Design'd for him by GOD.

This is the man I love to see,
Deserving honour, fame ;
The heir of immortality,
Who elevates Humanity,
And glorifies its name !

A PARADOX.

THE Men who in the Battle day,
On the red turf in Hastings' fray,
 Wrought the most foul destruction ;
Successful pirates on the sea
Sworn foes to Saxon Liberty,
The feudal bandit Norman horde,
Who scourged our land with fire and sword—
 Of course were *all* born *Gentle-men* !

Yes, they who plundered, burnt and sold,
A freeman's heritage and gold,
 And filled our land with slaughter,
Who wrung the life-blood from their slaves,
And press'd with iron heels their graves ;
Who made the honest, wrongs endure,
Whose love of luxury starved the Poor—
 Of course, they *all* were *Gentle-men* !

And he who with a haughty brow,
Looks back upon that conquest now,
Then o'er his gold and acres !
To whom descend the spoil and name,
No matter what his deeds of shame—
How many a woman's heart he breaks,
How much dishonest gain he takes—
Of course he is a *Gentle*-man !

They who make war on honest men,
Wielding the diplomatic pen,
With selfish ends and motives ;
Who starve the labourers on their lands
And bind in fetters useful hands,
Who laws for slavery espouse,
Pressing the thorns round human brows,
Of course they all are *Gentle*-men !

He who a stumbling-block would lay
In Intellect's and Virtue's way,
Frustrating lowly Genius,
Who would make priceless souls his tools,
And close our dear Land's thousand schools,
And in the twilight of his college,
Would hoard the golden fruits of Knowledge,
Of course, he is a *Gentle*-man !

The hypocrite who weaves a snare,
And proudly takes the highest chair,
 To patronize deception :
Pampering the Banker, whose delight
May be to rob the Widow's mite,
The Levite in his selfish pride,
Who passes on the other side—
 Of course, must be a *Gentle-man* !

Out ! Out ! upon such mockery,
Arise O voice of Liberty—
 Expose the hateful farce !
God's laws for all men are the same,
He counts as dross, wealth, power, and name—
Nor let us deem the mental blind,
The hateful, scornful, or unkind,
 A Noble, or a Gentleman !

But he who loves to work for Good
Who does not boast ancestral blood,
 Or coats of arms or castles !
Who scattering joys where'er he roams,
Provides Earth's orphan children homes,
And condescends in truth to feel
An interest in the general weal,
 He is the God-stamp'd Gentleman !

MONEY OR LOVE?

THIS Life is compared to a difficult Game,
And true is the simile made,
And power, position, wealth, honour and fame,
Are prizes for which it is played.
We all of us stand in the lists, and must all
For something or other compete—
We must run in the race, we must stand or must fall,
We must either proceed, or retreat.
Come then e'er the Game ye in earnest begin,
Ere defiant ye throw down the glove,
Make up in your mind the reward you would win
Will ye play now for Money or Love ?

For the first ye must delve in the dust of the Earth,
For spirits which Mammon controls,
Must live where there is of Affection a dearth,
And sacrifice bodies and souls !
If you win, you will *think* you have influence great,
For the Fool it appears to make wise,

Who with it may purchase, proud names and estate,
And obsequies grand when he dies ;
But then all the joys of an overfilled purse,
Toil'd so hard for, by night and by day,
May only secure at Life's sequel—a curse—
“ For naked must all pass away ! ”
Then consider ye well ere the Game ye begin,
Ere defiant ye throw down the glove,
The guerdon ye are most desirous to win,
Will ye play now, for Money or Love ?

Love !—what Music there is in that one little word,
The richest reward in this life,
From hearts of the noble and honest 'tis heard,
Like a sweet Angel's voice in the strife !
Not low in the dust, must ye grovel to find,
The joys that this blessing imparts,
But boldly aspiring with faith in the mind,
To Heaven it will lift up your hearts.
And though it may pomp, pride and purple deprive,
Though it e'en may to indigence doom,
It will bless you in Life, even Death 'twill survive,
And garnish with sweet flowers the tomb !
Come consider then well, ere the game ye begin
Ere defiant ye throw down the glove !
The guerdon which ye are in earnest to win,
Will ye play now, for Money or Love ?

OUR ISLE OF BEAUTY.

A BLESSING on our native land
And all that's good within it,
The true of heart, the strong of hand,
The brave and lofty spirit.
Ah ! thousands are deserving prayers
On ocean and on dry land ;
Who stand unmoved by coward fears
And love their native Island—
And if all hearts like theirs would be,
Resolv'd to do their duty,
Oh ! mighty England then would be,
Indeed an Isle of Beauty.

It has no lack of fertile soil,
Nor bold strong hands to plough them,
Work cheerily, then, Sons of toil,
For ye with wealth endow them !

O let not Men in Future years,
When speaking of our nation,
With scornful words, in rage or tears,
Regard *our* generation !

But let each soul be resolute,
Revering Truth and Duty,
And England shall exalted be
The peerless Isle of Beauty !

What flowers are there so sweet and fair,
As England's virgin roses ?
What Homes are there which can compare
With those our Isle encloses ?
But still a warning word we need,
Though England's sons and daughters,
Are taught from Childhood to be free,
E'en by her winds and waters !
Then let Creation's voice be heard—
It urges us to Duty!
And like a star amidst the waves,
Shall shine our Isle of Beauty !

O ! let us bow no knee to Gold,
Which petrifies affection,
And let our motives and our works
Lose nothing by detection !

And be our Parliament of men,
 Nobility of Nature,—
Men, who will worship nought but GOD,
 Nor cringe to King nor creature !
 And let *Excelsior* be the word,
 To nerve our arms in Duty,
 And peerless then amidst her Peers,
 Shall stand our Isle of Beauty !

•

But curs'd be he, with soul so base,
 Who loves not Britain's story,
Who would by wilful act disgrace,
 Or stain his Country's glory !
For could we live and see its Fame
 Sink neath Time's rolling ocean,
Whilst the same GOD looks down from Heaven,
 Who bless'd our sire's devotion ?
 No, rather Death, ten thousand times
 Than flinch from Truth or Duty,
 Than see the land we love so well,
 Robb'd of its crown of Beauty !

HOME.

THINK you a few bare, bleak and barren walls,
Which Time or Fortune changes or invades
We recognize and cherish as our Home ?
Is yonder hoary sanctum, tow'ring o'er
The sleeping Town, in truth the very church ?
Hear ye the answer of the King of Hosts !—
“ Where two or three are gathered, there am I,
“ Ye are my temples, I will dwell therein : ”
And even so our own dear cherish'd Home
Is where assemble the revered and true,
O'er which Love, like the Deity presides !
Man's Hate may strip the walls of all their worth,
The sweet adornments which have made them dear—
But even its barbed arrows shall grow blunt,
Ere they the loving heart may violate !
Malignant devils like the angry storm
May beat against the windows and the doors,
But shall we let them in ? no, GOD forbid,
For why should they with fiendish spleen, disturb
The hallow'd peace of this our earthly Heaven ?

THE FREE.

I HEARD a song of Liberty,
Break forth from mountain and from plain
And Echo from the mighty sea,
Flung back the strain again !
Ah ! loudly did the host proclaim,
“Ours is the nation of the Free,
And all in this bless'd isle may claim
The sacred boon of Liberty.”
Yes—spirit-stirring words like these,
Were wafted by the evening breeze.

Into the bosom of the deep,
Pass'd the grand Emperor of the sky,
The sons of toil had fall'n asleep,
As we communed—my soul and I,

"Twas then a still small voice arose,
Which o'er my soul sweet music shed,
Music which my whole being stirr'd,
For this the unseen spirit said—
"To-morrow I will shew to thee
Earth's captives, and the ransom'd free ! "

I slept until the dawn of Day,
Then woke, and on the mountain stood,
And saw Earth's laborers pass away,
As if by phantom hosts pursued,
Some whilst the Day its wings unfurl'd,
Passed from the city's gates alone—
Each heart appeared a separate world,
With joys or sorrows of its own !
Again the still voice spake to me—
This day thou shalt behold the Free !

I journey'd through the City's street,
And followed one whom I had heard,
With loudest voice at eve repeat
The grand, the talismanic word !
He stood within the crowded mart,
A maelstrom in Life's troubled sea—
Where was the empire of the heart ?
Where shone the day-star Liberty ?
Where was the high, the lofty soul
That scorn'd a grovelling world's control ?

What saw I in those eager eyes,
Upraised with supplicating glance ?
But dreams of El Dorado rise,
From souls that staked their all, on Chance !
Who blind to ways of peace and love,
Now, fast, fast bound by Mammon's spell
Turn'd from the light of Life above,
And round a golden image fell !
And yet these hearts which cringe and crave,
Repudiate the name of Slave.

Another form then pass'd me by,
I followed, and beheld his shrine,
I marked his wild and blood-shot eye,
He was a votary to Wine !
A burning thirst his soul consumed,
A phantom hand had seized his heart,
And by relentless Habit, doom'd,
Who could his chains of terror start ?
Yet still his Slavery he denied,
And boasting of his Freedom, died.

Still borne adown Life's bounding stream
Another countless host I saw,
Surround their King who reigns supreme
Whose will decreed, whose words were law !
Poor slaves at Fashion's chariot wheel,
Adopting follies for their creeds ;

They knelt, and abjectly still kneel,
Incapable of glorious deeds—
And yet the fool of Fashion raves
“No, Britons never shall be slaves !”

I sickened at the empty sound,
And turning then toward the Sea,
I cried in agony, aloud,
Alas ! O Earth, where are thy Free ?
But like the voice we hear in prayer,
That comes from Heavenly lips we know,
I heard a voice in accents clear,
Commanding me, again to go—
“Thou’st seen the slaves, but now to thee,
I’ll show the sons of Liberty.”

Again I stood amidst the throng,
And saw a form that stood erect,
The fearless foe of pride and wrong,
Unprejudiced by creed or sect.
He stood the champion of the weak,
Disdain’d the tyrant and his rod,
Friend to the Right, he scorn’d to seek
Strength from another than his GOD :
And thus the spirit said to me—
“Go, do thou likewise— and be Free !”

THE MAN FOR ME.

GOD bless the brave, earnest and true honest heart,
Who labors in love to work nobly his part,
Who when help is required stands forth in the van,
With will to do works that are worthy a Man,
Who with merit and sense—unambitious for Fame
Asks only a blessing in love on his name,
Who in truth and in virtuous principles strong,
Would trample beneath him fraud, error, and wrong,
Too lofty in purpose to cringe, and too great,
To feel scorn for the poor and the low in estate.
Respectful to those to whom power is assign'd,
And to those who look up to him, faithful and kind,
Whose creed is to love, and to "live and let live,"
With a soul that can never refuse to forgive—
Who with heart and hand willing, not too proud to
labor,

Is true to his God, to himself, and his neighbour,
Oh ! he is the man for me !

But a weak, wayward spirit, unjust and unkind,
Who knows not the joy of a straight-forward mind,
Who scornful and envious, selfish, conceited,
And cares not a wit whom he cheats or is cheated,
A drone in the hive, with a surfeit of honey,
A mind that seeks nothing but grovelling for money,
Who proud of his person, his purse, or estate,
Drives the beggar away with harsh words from his gate,
Allowing Life's most precious moments to pass,
In idle soliloquy over the glass ;
A fair-weather fop, deck'd in tinsel awhile,
Who seeks to deceive with a hypocrite's smile,
Who hates to hear Innocence happily sing,
Or the anvils of Industry joyously ring :
Who suffering loss, in the chances of life,
Attributes the blame to a brother or wife—
Out, out ! with such fellows, scout ! scout ! all the clan,
How dare they usurp the proud title of Man ?

BE KIND.

BE kind--but let your kindness,
 From worthy motives spring,
 Do not in mental blindness
 Be flattering everything--
 Love not Men's estimation
 So often vainly given,
 But seek for compensation,
 The smile of ONE in Heaven !

Be kind but not for favor
 Do ye a christian deed ;
 Not for a lordly neighbour
 Because his smiles you need !
 Not to the man above you,
 In this sad world deem'd *great*,
 Because you'd have him love you,
 To leave you his estate !

I plead for those around you,
Who have no means to buy ;
The thousands that surround you,
Who heavy-laden, cry :
Nor only for your Brothers
Joint-heirs to wealth above,
For there O GOD are others,
Most worthy of our love !

HE who its soul of sweetness,
Has given to the flower,
And made the brute in meekness,
Bend to a reasoning power—
Smiles on the man who feeleth
The blood leap to his brain,
When the dumb beast appealeth
For human love in vain !

Be kind, but let your kindness
From worthy motives spring,
Do not in mental blindness,
Be fondling everything !
But whilst Love lights your features
Let this your life-rule be—
Be kind, to all GOD's creatures
As HE is kind to thee.

THE PLOUGH AND THE PRESS.

“I AM King of the soil,” said the good old Plough,
“And all my supremacy must allow,
For the high and the low, every day, every hour,
With joy in their hearts feel my Life-giving power,
From the proudest of Earth I may gratitude claim,
And my blessings are far more substantial than Fame,
For what would the warrior do in the strife,
If I ceased to secure him the ‘strong staff of Life?’
And how could a feast e’en for monarchs be spread,
If I ceased to provide him provisions of bread,—
And where will men find a more true-hearted friend?
For I give, though I neither beg, borrow, nor lend ;
The proudest patrician, or lowliest born,
Smile on me—they dare not regard me with scorn ;
I am loved by the children of men I employ,
I give life and health, peace, contentment and joy,
Then who of all Monarchs of which Poets sing
Has such claims as the Plough to be crown’d as their
King !”

But the Press with a dignified voice replied,
"Good Plough thou art potent, this none has denied,
Thou art prized, thou art blest, and esteem'd by
mankind,
As honest, industrious, lavish and kind,
But though King of the soil, yet the power that I wield,
Surpasses your own in a loftier field !
O'er the Mind I claim prestige, the Poet and Sage,
Feel the star-beams which fall from my thought-studded
page,
I preserve from the touch of the finger of Time,
The words of the mighty ! the great ! the sublime !
And thrill with my silence, more spirits than those
From whose lips the proud torrent of Eloquence flows.
The fame-wreath round Poet and Hero I twine,
And even a mightier mission is mine,
For oh ! to the Press, the Creator has given,
The power to impart the glad tidings of Heaven,
And wherever I go, like a meteor of night,
In my track trails a banner of glorious light—
Ye speak of a banquet, but ah ! from me roll,
The sweet fruits of Knowledge—the wine of the soul,
Then who of all Monarchs of which Poets sing,
Has such claims as the Press to be crown'd as their
King !

WELCOME.

O WHAT is most dear to the wayworn and weary
Who long o'er Life's rough, thorny pathway must
roam ?

What hope burns the brightest when all round is dreary
Which leads the faint heart to the portals of Home ?

Say, is it pleasure in proud ostentation—
Magnificence ruling in purple and pride—
Where state smileth not with Love's sweet condescen-
sion,

And the truth of the heart is to language denied ?

O no ! all the glitter of pomp and of splendour—
Can never such joy, or true pleasure impart,
As the smile of the friend whom we love to remember—
And kind words of welcome which flow from the
heart !

Oh ! what though my Home may be humble and lowly,
No tapestried walls, no luxurious fare,

I would not exchange it for halls of the wealthy,
Unless the same music of welcome rose there—
For oh ! rather give me the lowliest dwelling
Where joy-beams of welcome profusely may fall,
With friends to surround me whose bosoms are swelling,
With Love which pervadeth their actions, their all !
For O ! in the warmth of the heart there is pleasure,
Which pride and pomposity cannot controul,
And each word of welcome I hold as a treasure—
That floweth spontaneously forth from the soul !

Oh ! welcome is sweet, 'tis not offered in passion,
But rises from hearts of the true and the kind,
Disdaining each vain, hypocritical fashion—
Revealing the motives pervading the Mind.
Oh ! I scorn, I despise every niggardly offer,
Held tremblingly forth, with but fear in each thought,
But give me, O give me the welcome-warm proffer—
With kindness, and true generosity fraught.
For gifts which are not with pure motives imparted,
I cast but as valueless tokens away,
But love the sweet words of the true and kind-hearted,
Who say what they mean, and mean all that they say !

INDUSTRY *versus* EMIGRATION.

Dost thou scorn the joys of Labor,
Fearful lest a prouder neighbour,
 Deems that Labor, hands defile
Dost thou deem it a disgrace
Dost thou turn away thy face
 From the idle worldling's smile ?
O crush all such sinful feeling,
 Bless'd and happy is the man,
Who, when Duty is appealing,
 Doeth all the good he can !

Onwards ! Heavenwards ! cease repining,
 Heed not treacherous tongues that say,
“ Britons labor hard but vainly,
 Lands of wealth are far away ! ”
Brothers, this is subtle poison,
 Listen not to falsehoods breath'd,
They who dare our lands to slander
 Are deceiving or deceiv'd !

Wealth and Fame and Beauty, follow,
But ah ! Labor walks before—
Waste not then your life in sorrow,
Strive, and thou shalt not be poor !

O my Brothers, yea I glory,
In a Briton's noble name,
'Tis a talisman of honor
Word baptized indeed by Fame !
Let us cling then to our Country,
Fortune may withhold her smile,
But a light, than gold more glorious,
Hallows this our native Isle !

O my spirit burns within me,
When I think of distant lands,
And of those still loved and loving,
Stretching forth in vain their hands.
False deceptive, lights betray'd them,
Won by Falsehood's callous smile,
Let them be to us examples—
Ere the Serpent us beguile !
Do not to Deception listen—
Stand ye firmly, lest ye fall
Gold may not profusely glisten—
Bread and Work there are for all !

Let the love of Home and Country,
Nerve each willing hand and heart,
What ! were energies intended—
But in slumber to depart ?
Let's be manful—cease repining—
And with bold, strong fronts appear ;
Not in difficulty pining,
Not with trembling, or with fear.
Discontent is rife with terror,
Let it not delude the soul,
Trample 'neath you weeds of Error,
But let Truth your deeds control.

GOD gave each of us our station—
Home and kindred, friends and Nation,
Gave them—not that we should leave them,
Gave them—not that we should grieve them.
Gave us lands of regal Beauty,
To fulfil a sacred duty !

O then Brothers let's fulfil it,
For the most heart-rending pain
Is to feel in Death's stern moments,
We have lived, and died in vain !

THE TRUMPET CALL.

LEAD us Conqueror, on to battle,
Shall we stand like soulless cattle
 Idly browsing by the streams ?
Shall we stand like weeping willows,
Whilst the wreck is on the billows,
 Thoughtless, faltering, dreaming dreams ?

Freedom's cause demands a hero,
Shall we bow beneath a Nero,
 Shall we suffer Right to fall
'Neath a tyrant's chariot kneeling,
Who would be so dead to feeling
 As to mock at Honour's call ?

Who would Truth and Freedom barter?
Who disgraee a Britain's charter
With a word or work untrue?
O let still our Country's story
Be a page illumed with glory,
Let us dare, and we shall do !

Let the fires of Love be lighted,
Let the oppress'd, the wrong'd be righted,
Let us hurl Injustice down ;
In the cause of Truth enlisting,
Let us every wrong resisting
Bear the cross, and wear the crown !

WORK FOR HEAVEN.

O MY brothers ! sigh no longer—
Wherefore pause to dream or weep ?
Weeping will not make you stronger—
Dreams your souls in bondage keep.
Come, the world is full of Beauty,
Idly dream not time away,
Nobly tread the path of duty,
Work, my brothers, while 'tis day !

Stay not, indolently waiting,
Life is action—brief is Time ;
Whilst irresolute—debating—
You are tampering with crime.
'Tis not only pulpit-preaching
That we daily, hourly need,
But the highest art of teaching
Is to do a kindly deed.

Think not only, busy neighbour
With the press, pen, loom, or plough,
Thou art called upon to labour,
There are other duties now.
There are tears to wipe from faces,
There are hearts to soothe with care,
Souls, to teach the Christian graces,
Untaught lips to murmur prayer !

Do not idly pause to quarrel,
Should the proud your labours claim ;
GOD will best award the laurel—
Love is worth far more than Fame !
Nor let this, dear brothers pain ye ;
That no recompense is given ;
Think not ye are labouring vainly—
All are paid who work for Heaven.

THE SONG OF A GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

ONCE I sigh'd in childish sorrow, "Father have I
strength to bear,
Life's long struggle without sinking underneath its
load of Care,"
For I heard the dim of Battle rolling from the fields of
strife,
And I knew the competition in the fearful lists of
Life,
But e'en as I sigh'd, a sweet voice, sweetly singing,
answered me,
"Young man, in the book 'tis written, 'as thy day thy
strength shall be.' "

"I behold Earth's patient toilers, in the dark, dark
mines below,
Those who but for me would often faint, despairing in
their woe,

And I see them sad, half fearful that the 'cruise of oil' will fail,

And their grim foes Want and Hunger, will at last o'er them prevail,

But I breathe to them the promise, I am sent to breathe to thee,

"There is one who never sleepeth—as thy day, thy strength shall be!"

"I behold Earth's train of mourners, those who tears of sorrow shed,

For the loss of one whose strong hands, long procured them daily bread,

And when Sister Hope forsakes them, in their dark homes I steal in,

Whispering of the God-fed lillies that can neither toil nor spin,

Yea I breathe to them that promise, I am sent to breathe to thee,

In the hour of sin and danger—"as thy day thy strength shall be."

Cease then, cease from dull repinings, poor man, rich man, young or old,

And in earnest struggling Heavenwards, in the cause of Love be bold:

Let the song this Angel singeth, singeth ever unto thee
Keep thy heart from doubts unsullied, and thy spirit
pure and free,
Nurse the sweet song in thy bosom—it will lift thy
hopes above,
And if faithful thou wilt find then, Life is strewn with
flowers of Love.

THE DAY OF REST.

How beautiful the Sabbath dawns, a quiet stillness fills
the air,
No sounds of diseord now disturb the spirit's whispered
prayer,
For GOD has hush'd Earth's week-day din, that we
may hear HIS word,
And that "HIS still small voice" of Love, might by
our souls be heard!

O blessed day! O hallowed Isle, amidst Life's stormy sea,
How many a weary troubled heart, with gladness welcomes thee,
For ah! thou art an emblem of that Heaven of endless rest,
In which the patient toiler thirsts to be a joyful guest.

SABBATH BELLS.

WELCOME preludes chime the sweet bells
To Earth's day of rest, GOD-given :
O whene'er I hear their music
Nearer seems my soul to Heaven.
Speaking to the heart's affections,
They from GOD's blest house of prayer
Seem to sprinkle benedictions
Sweet as incense in the air.

Yea, I love to hear their voices
Break the stillness of the morn ;
For my weary heart rejoices
When the Sabbath day is born.
Called from Earth by their sweet pealings,
Then with hope my bosom swells ;
Better thoughts rise—purer feelings,
With the music of those bells.

For when lull'd as by Immortals
Earth as if in sweet sleep lies,
Breaking as from Heaven's own portals,
Floats their music from the skies.
Holy Angels' invitations
Seem to fall from lands above—
“Come and drink the pure libations
Given by Christ in realms in love.”

THE DAYS OF THE ROSES.

THE days of the roses are over,
The flowers have vanished away,
And the cold Autumn breezes are sighing,
Sad requiems over decay.

The fountain still flows, but its music
Has lost all its magical powers,
And silent and still is the greenwood,
For birds sing no more to the flowers.

But sweet is the thought, when bleak Winter
Is past, with its shadows and gloom,
The flowers will revive in the valleys,
And rise from their snow-cover'd tomb :
So it cheereth our hearts when we sorrow,
And mourn for loved friends gone before ;
To hope in that glorious morrow
When roses can wither no more.

THE LIFE ANGEL.

OLD Roy, the village veteran,
Was sitting at his ease,
Once more within his cottage-home,
His children round his knees ;
The fire was glowing warm and bright —
For 'twas a cold December night.

He was beloved by old and young,
As all brave men should be,
And proudly he would tell the tales
Of England's chivalry.
Of many a great and famous fray
When France and England won the day !

“ Now Father,” said the little ones,
“ Tell us a tale to-night ;
Of how the Russians storm'd the camp,
When England won the fight,

And how you came to get the scar,
Upon your forehead in the war ! ”

This was the favorite theme of Roy.
The story loved the best ;
And with a look of pride, he stroked
The medal on his breast :
And then began again to tell
The tale his listeners loved so well.

“ It was the dead of night,” said he,
“ The snow lay on the ground ;
But noiselessly as crept the foe,
We heard a warning sound :
Our camp in solemn silence lay,
Each heart expectant of the fray.

“ At length the signal beacon blazed—
Like lions on the foe,
Sprang up the British hero-hearts,
And dealt the deadly blow ;
And wildly rose the thrilling cry
Of ‘ England ! GOD and Victory ! ’

“ So shrouded was the crescent moon
We scarce knew friend from foe—
So dark was all, we did not see
The blood-stain’d, trampled snow,

But when the dread sortie was o'er,
Two hundred slept to wake no more !

“ Now early in that fatal fray
A sword-point pierced me deep :
I fell—still all that I endured
Seems like a dream in sleep ;
But though unconscious of a pain,
Yet I was counted with the slain.

“ At length I woke as from a trance—
The place was strange to me ;
I heard the dying round me groan,
And cries of agony :
But like an Angel o'er my bed,
Bent low a sweet and saintly head.

“ I thought it was GOD'S Angel come
To take my soul to HIM,
And rais'd my hand above mine eyes,
But all was dark and dim—
Save o'er that sweet angelic face
There beam'd a smile of heavenly grace !

“ She placed a cordial to my lips,
And soothed my burning brow,
Then whisper'd softly in mine ear,
‘ You'll soon be better now.’

These words so made my soul rejoice,
I thought it was an Angel's voice ! ”

“ Was it an Angel, Father dear ? ”

Each earnest listener said ;

‘ Was it an Angel, Father dear

That hovered round your bed ? ”

“ Yes, sweet ones, yes, of mortal birth,
It was GOD's Angel of the Earth !

“ 'Twas she who, with the holiest thoughts

And purity of heart,

Left her own home and native land,

To do the better part :

And if she had not come to me,

You now would Orphan children be.”

Oh ! lovely was the grateful look

Of those who heard this tale ;

And from each heart this prayer uprose—

“ GOD bless Miss Nightingale ! ”

To which old Roy responded then,

With solemn earnestness, “ Amen ! ”

THE CHRISTMAS CAROL.

STARTLED from slumber, how impressive seemeth
The strain of music breaking Night's deep stillness !
But one brief moment ere the sound of voices
Rose in the air, all was sublimely silent,
Save the low whispering of the weird-like night-wind ;
And on the stair the horloge marking slowly
The moments as they fell like drops of water,
Into Time's rolling river !

Startled from slumber—oh ! how solemn seemeth
The swelling chorus, Hark ! Hark ! the herald voices
Sing, “Glory to God, and Peace on Earth be given.”
And as the strain from Earth ascends, symphonious,
A sweet, soft echo to my spirit speaketh ;
I think of that deep slumber fast approaching,
That dreamless, peaceful sleep, which men call Death ;
And wonder if so sweetly will rise music

Upon that waking, as upon this night ?
Oh, rapturous hope ! oh, bright anticipation !
All Heaven will ring with glad reverberations—
Angels will then pour out sweet songs of welcome,
And wake the souls made perfect, whilst they rend
In twain the veil concealing Paradise !
And with a glad, triumphant shout of praise,
Then shall we tread the starry floors of Heaven !

CHRISTMAS.

WELL may we welcome Christmas with song and chime
of bells,
For round the hearts of all on earth he casts his mystic
spells ;
He opens with the magic key of kindness every heart,
And smiles to see the memory of sorrows past depart ;
He comes with mirth and laughter, with carol and with
glee,
And the gladdest time of all the year is Christmas-time
to me.

I love to hear kind voices ! I love to see bright eyes !
I love to hear from joyous bells the gladsome pæans
rise : .
And when the snow is on the ground, and biting
winds blow cold,
To sit beside the glad fireside, where social tales are
told ;
To feel the blessed influence of Love and Friendship's
reign,
When those that long have parted been unite with joy
again.

Oh yes ! I do love Christmas, for nothing seems too
high,
And nothing seems too lowly for the love-glance of his
eye :
A true republican is he, the friend of equal right,
Who advocates fraternity, and propagates delight :
And for the aged and the poor, how earnestly he pleads,
Whilst every moment of his life is fraught with kindly
deeds.

Come hang then up the mistletoe (true olive-branch),
that Peace
May bless our paths with pleasantness, and give our
joys increase ;

And let us too like Christmas, come the suffering
world to cheer,
To help the poor disconsolate, to wipe the mourner's
tear ;
Yes, let us each one make a vow to do whate'er we can
To solace in adversity the sufferings of man.

CHRISTMAS ROSES.

OH ! the Spring has its roses—sweet primroses,
Which smile on the sterile brake ;
And the days grow lighter, warmer, and brighter,
For theirs and their sisters' sake—
Their sisters the violets purple and white,
On whose birthdays the wild birds sing songs of
delight !

And Summer has roses—regal roses,
And proud are their crimson smiles,
And sweet is the flush of each fragrant blush
Of these Brides of the flowers of our Isles ;

And the fountains leap up with exultant bliss,
As they dimple the streams with a perfumed kiss !

But Winter has roses—ah ! darling roses !
Which bloom 'neath the mistletoe tree ;
And of all the flowers, of Earth's bright bowers,
Oh ! they are most dear to me !
For these roses, in bliss whisper musical words,
Far dearer than murmurs of fountains or birds !

THE HOLLY-TREE.

O WOODMAN, spare the holly-tree, the crimson Christ-
mas tree,
Its waving boughs and berries red are very dear to me ;
For when the frost, with ruthless haste, strikes dumb
the prattling rill,
And the wind beneath the cold star-light chants re-
quiems loud and shrill ;
When fades the flower in grove and bower, how cheer-
less Earth would be,
Save for the robin in the boughs of the dear old
Christmas tree.

I love it for its constancy, this old familiar thing,
For close as ivy to the oak, sweet memories round it
cling.
How often have we seen its boughs when household
hearts grow bright—
When, though the Earth is drear without, within, ah !
all is light !

Oh! then if merry hearts are dear, and laughing eyes, to
thee,
"Touch not! touch not! a single bough" of the brave
old Christmas tree!

I love its crimson drops, which seem to fall from
crowns of thorn ;
I love them too, because they bloom when earth is
most forlorn.
Sweet type of Him who came in love, to save a wintry
world,
Whose glorious banner we would see in every land un-
furl'd,
Then, hallow'd by such sacred thoughts, if thou
wouldst blessed be,
O Woodman, spare the beautiful, the dear old
Christmas tree !

THE GIPSY QUEEN.

To the dell called Fairywillow, oh ! have you ever been ?
It is the Summer grotto of the little Gipsy-queen,
Who calls the flowers her sisters, and like the joyous
birds,
Has learnt to set sweet music to her heart's melodious
words.
From dwelling 'midst the roses, her cheeks have caught
their light,
And her laugh makes e'en the fern-leaves to tremble
with delight—
But I'll tell you now the story, how I learnt to know
so well
The bonny little Gipsy-queen of Fairywillow dell.

'Twas on one Summer evening her voice first charm'd
mine ear,
Like music on the rippling sea it echoed sweet and
clear :
From up the neighbouring valley from the trees it
seem'd to pass,
When, peeping through the green leaves, reclining on
the grass
I saw the Syren round her hat twine fern with roses
sweet,
Clusters of which lay scattered on the wild flowers at
her feet ;
And as she bound each blushing rose with wild clema-
tis white,
I saw her smile with all the bliss of innocent delight.
I had often dreamt of angels, but never knew till then,
A smile so sweet as hers on earth could charm the souls
of men.

I stood entranced in wonder,—but now no more un-
seen,
For the eyes were fixed upon me of the little Gipsy
queen.
And, like an Improvisatrice, as sweet as song could be,
She poured out in delicious sounds these joyous words
for me,
“Come to my ferny grotto, if your fortune you would
know,

Come to my grotto, where the moss and loveliest lichens grow;
For I can read the future from the stars that nightly beam,
And I will tell your fortune, if you'll tell your last night's dream."

Oh! my soul inhaled the music, and I followed to the dell,
For my dream was one that I had long'd a hundred times to tell,
And I feared no incantation, such bright lips could repeat,
For I knew that none but angels would hear a voice so sweet;
And when I stood beneath the trees, in the love-beams of her eyes,
I felt at first as if I breath'd the air of Paradise,
And when she took my hand in hers, o'er my whole being stole
A secret joy which made me feel that I possessed a soul,
For when she took my hand in hers, (so soft so delicate,) Her eyes reveal'd my fortune, and her sweet lips seal'd my fate.

She told me that my future should be all summer hours,

That in my path, on every side, should bloom the fairest flowers ;
Fond friends to smile, kind hearts to love, that not a cloud should mar
Life's little joys, o'er which should watch, one never weary star ;
Oh ! sweet, sweet was this story, of love, of joy supreme !
And whilst SHE stood beside me, it did not seem a dream.

Ah ! need I tell the secret how many times since then,
I've heard her rich voice waking the echoes of the glen,
And have found the fairest roses that bloom on earth
smile there,
Breathing delicious perfume on the ever-pleasant air !
That no water falls so sweetly, no birds sing half so well,
As those that warble in the boughs of Fairy-willow dell !

IN HEAVEN.

I CANNOT forget her, though Death has us parted,
Her footsteps I feel round my spirit still glide ;
And from dreams, yea, I often wake glad and light-
hearted,
As if on my bosom she slept as my Bride.

Forget her—Oh no ! fairy Spring and her flowers
Wake memories sweet of the morning of Love,
For ah ! long ago in her beautiful bowers,
This Earth seem'd as fair as the bright world above.

Still green are the banks of the murmuring river,
So oft by my Love in the glad Summer cross'd
Its musical waters sing sweetly as ever,
For oh ! they know not the bright soul Earth has
lost !

I love to look into its waters, which brightly
And faithfully mirror the clouds of the sky,
Which seem like the mantles of Angels, who lightly
Float on, in an ocean of glory on high !

And as I bend over the stream near the willows,
I feel as if walking again with the blest,
And my soul borne above Life's tumultuous billows,
Is fed with bright thoughts of the regions of rest.

O GOD, Thou alone know'st how well I still love her,
Thou, who in Thy mercy, my spirit hast given
Those thrills of deep joy, when my footsteps pass over
The daisies once press'd by that Angel in Heaven !

I thank Thee, though long left alone, yet not lonely
I daily pass on through this beautiful world,
From the glimpse of that Heaven by my life-Angel
shown me,
In faith I behold what will soon be unfurl'd.

O each spot that she loved ere she pass'd up to Heaven
I visit, for still her bright spirit moves there ;
And oft in the still, sacred twilight of even,
I hear her sweet voice breathing answers to prayer !

Sweet once was her voice—but ah ! sweeter and clearer,
That voice of rich Music now comes unto me ;

And I feel whilst enraptured in spirit, I hear her,
As near to GOD's Angels as here I can be !

And when round the roses the night-wind is sighing,
I feel o'er my being a tide of bliss roll—
For those sounds seem like flutt'rings of wings home-
ward flying,
Which bear up to Heaven the desires of my soul !

Oh ! what though Death's hand has relentlessly blighted
Those hopes which gave love in my bosom its birth :
Yet souls link'd below are for ever united—
In Heaven we but reap what is sown upon Earth !

I feel, though my Love has pass'd Eden's bright portals
Though crowns of a seraph her fair brow entwine ;
Nor glories of Heaven, nor love of Immortals,
Can ever estrange her pure spirit from mine.

'Tis *her* voice which has given this blissful assurance,
It speaks 'midst the din of the battle of Life ;
It cheereth me on, up the hills of Endurance,
And fills me with courage, and faith in the strife !

She smiles when she sees I am looking above me,
On skies which conceal her bright home of delight,

And when there seems none on the Earth left to love me,

She sings—"I will lead you from darkness to light."

O GOD! though 'twere sweet to have some dear one near me,

With whom I might share all the joys Earth has given:

Yet holier hopes are the blessings which cheer me—

'Tis sweeter to have a Love-Angel in Heaven!

THE NAMES OF THE BLESSED.

THE flowers were wet, but not with rain,
But with the grief-tears wept in vain
Over the grave of Leoline,
By him who long had weeping been.
But ere he turn'd, with heart opprest
From that still, solemn place of rest,
He Heavenwards gazed as if to trace

The features of some vanish'd face ;
And o'er his countenance a change
Pass'd in a moment, sweet, yet strange,
As if some miracle had been
Wrought by a wondrous hand unseen ;
For oh ! this sweet, consoling thought
His soul had in its faintness caught—
“ I see, I see thy name above,
Lost Leoline ! bright soul of Love !
I read it now, as thus I look
Upon God's star-illumin'd book,
I gaze, until the mystic line
In bright distinctness I define :
Nor can I wonder there to see
That name which is so dear to me,
For in that volume, grandly fair,
The names of all the Blest are there.”

* * * *

And many a night, when long, long years
Had passed away—with silent tears,
Whilst he his weary watch did keep,
This Sailor, traversing the Deep,
Would turn; with earnest, hopeful eyes
To read that name upon the skies
Of her who dwelt in Paradise !

THE DESERTED HOME.

How lonely and how desolate our once dear Home now
stands ;
Pass'd from a loving Father's, to a faithless stranger's
hands,
As by a stern magician's spell, the beautiful and gay,
Which made it once a Heaven on Earth has all been
swept away !

There's not a relic 'neath its roof which does not bring
to mind
Some cherished scene of by-gone years, which there has
been enshrined,
And as the rifled vase retains the scents of vanished
flowers,
So hallowed is this vacant place by joys of brighter
hours.

Come, let us enter at its door—O GOD, what memories
start,

O what a burning shoal of thoughts, come crowding
round my heart ;
For here how many a kiss of love has on my brow been
prest,
How many a word of welcome sweet has made this
threshold blest.

Still stands the dear old parlour, (though through its
half clos'd door,
The loving, and belov'd by me, will now pass never
more,
But though my Father's chair is gone, and the pictures
from the wail,)
I love it, as Men love the dust of a dear one 'neath the
pall !

I love it, for this spot to me indeed was hallow'd ground,
Though many a superstitious tongue pronounced the
place spell-bound,
Ah ! yes 'twas haunted—Spirits I have known to
wander here,
But spirits only fit for Heaven, the loved, the doubly
dear !

Now they are gone—yet fear thou not the dark funereal
gloom :
My heart knows well the history of each deserted room.

Ascend with me—now stay, for O, I love to breathe this air,

For hence for me a thousand times has risen a Mother's prayer,

A Mother's prayer—what holy thoughts the very words give birth,

Oh ! who can tell their influence in Heaven or on Earth;
Ah ! none who through her God-bless'd love, have felt the joys of Home,

Will wonder how a Mother's tears once saved imperial Rome.

And next this room, slept two sweet flowers that scarce can live apart,

Two gentle spirits given by Heaven to bless my Home and Heart,

Tread lightly on the sacred floor, for Guardian Angels' feet

Have press'd it oft, whilst hovering here to watch their slumbers sweet !

And still pass on—ah ! tis with joy I lead you through this door,

Here ye behold the little world which I so long reign'd o'er,

The place where first from my young heart sprang forth unbidden rhyme,

And where I dreamt ambitiously Parnassian heights to climb !

Oh ! twas with bitterness of soul, I bade it a Farewell—
'Tis well its walls are dumb, or else what secrets could they tell,

For many a time I've paced this floor, in proud exultant glee,

Or with a sorrow at my heart have wept on bended knee !

But come, let us again descend—even the creaking stairs

Complaining, seem half-conscious of the change of two brief years,

And listen ! how disconsolate, the hollow winds make moan,

Like spirits wailing o'er the spells which over all seem thrown !

And let us through the garden walk—though leafless now its bowers,

Yet many a Summer here has bloom'd the daintiest of flowers,

For its roses sweet a Sister's hand once lovingly did twine,

And a Brother's strong and manly arm here pruned the clustering vine.

Ah ! there are thoughts which constitute a rosary
strangely fair,

Which Memory hangs about my heart, for every pearl,
a prayer—

Yet brightest on that silver cord, are those which bring
to me

Remembrance of that darling one which oft in dreams
I see :

In dreams, yea oft, but never have I seen as see I now,
(Whilst traversing this well-known place) her pale and
placid brow,

Ah ! you may look in vain, but in the misty air I trace
As if from Spirit-land it peer'd—her sweet ethereal face.

That countenance on which once beam'd the gentlest
smiles of love,

Such as I feel her Sisters wear in the holy-land above,
And though my world has changed since then, still
stands she by my side,

As beautiful as when I breath'd to her the name of
Brid e!

As beautiful ! for oh how bright were the blushes of her
cheek !

Mantling with roseate delight as she heard my fond
heart speak,

Ah ! that was Spring, when o'er my life, her spirit
fragrance threw,

And her eyes like twin blue violets o'er brimm'd with
Love's rich dew.

But yet though in this Garden, grew Earth's loveliest of
flowers,

Its walks have consecrated been by sorrows bitterest
showers,

Though here I've felt the purest joys that human heart
can know,

Yet have I too drain'd here the cup of Life's most
bitter woe.

For here beneath God's golden stars, which beam'd
upon our brows,

Was seal'd our hearts first happiness, in pure and
fervent vows,

And here it was that last we met, in agony and tears
To close the sweet, the fond romance of Life's serenest
years !

We wept, but as in scorn, the wind, as now wav'd yon
old tree,

Earth seem'd too cold, too passionless, to share my
grief with me ;

But whilst we wept, a meteor fell from yon star-
spangled sky,

Which seem'd a splendid tear of fire from a pitying
Angel's eye.

'Tis over—many a change has past, since that wild
night of woe,
The fountain now is shattered, whose bright streams
were wont to flow,
The flowers of love bloom there no more, and the music
of the bird
In the bower beneath the Acacia trees, will never more
be heard !

O Thou who hearest all the words that from the lips
depart,
Forgive, Forget, the sinful thoughts once harboured in
my heart.
The curse invoked upon the head of him who dared
invade
The bright terrestrial Paradise, which Thou in love hadst
made.

Blow, blow ye winds, your bitter breath is not so
fraught with blight,
As treacherous Man's, who with a smile would poison
Earth's delight !
Chant, Chant O winds a requiem, for whilst your dirges
roll,
A voice prophetic through the gloom, thus speaketh to
my soul—

“ Spirit of Earth, behold the change which o'er thy
home has past,

Changed as a bower of roses swept by Winter's chilling
blast ;
Yet vacant as this Home will be thy World some future
day ;
When all who makes it dear to thee are pass'd to Heaven
away.

"Thus learn how fleeting are the scenes of Earthly joy
and love,
Dark contrast, to those mansions bright, no time can
change above,
Let not then Earth's poor, painted dust, blind now
thine earnest eyes,
But seek for an inheritance, a Home beyond the skies ! "

SPRING AND POETRY.

O WELCOME thou beautiful maiden,
Rich heiress to treasures untold,
Who com'st to a wintry world, laden
With Nature's bright silver and gold.

Most dear is thy sweet touch of brightness,
To all the loved children of song,
Thou type of that mystical mistress,
To whom their rich spirits belong !
Spring and Poetry—are they not sisters ?
For lo ! what a tide of delight,
Both wake as with audible whispers,
They glide soft as Angels by night.
Bright spirits ! O still breathe upon me—
That I like a wild bird may sing—
That a bloom of fresh beautiful Poems,
May from my young spirit soon spring.
For O I would sing Men a lyric
Of Love, of such soul-thrilling powers,
That hearts sad and cold, by my music,
Should bloom like the Summer with flowers
Such flowers as were planted in Eden
E'er sin stained Humanity's breast ;
Such flowers as the Angels in Heaven,
Still plant in the hearts of the Blest !

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